

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Our Apathetic Voters

ALL the candidates in this week's Urban Council election must surely have shared one common disappointment—the meagre turn-out of the electorate. The electoral roll this year was enlarged some 60 per cent, yet the increase in the total number of voters who balloted represented only about 10 per cent over the 1953 figure. An official breakdown of the numbers who voted in the three enfranchised classes being unavailable, it can only be estimated what proportion of jurors and what proportion of those on the special registration lists comprised Wednesday's total voters. It does seem reasonably certain that the great majority were those who fall into the class 2 and class 3 categories, in which event the Colony's jurors, who possess automatic voting rights in Urban Council elections, were chiefly responsible for the very small poll. And this can be regarded as surprising inasmuch that the jurors' lists largely comprise members of the so-called White Collar Brigade, for whose interests all of this year's candidates displayed sympathy and concern in varying degrees. Failure on the part of large numbers of jurors to avail themselves of the franchise privilege is not easily explained away. The work of the Urban Council may be of relatively small importance compared with the functions of the Legislative and Executive Councils, but this does not obviate the fact that through the Urban Council elections the Colony has established the important principle of representation by popular vote. It may be true that many did not make use of their vote on Wednesday because they were indifferent as to which candidate won the election, but this again is quite beside the point. Possession of the franchise can rightly be regarded as a privilege, but its exercise is virtually a civic duty. An endeavour was made this year by Government to make the vote more representative, but when only 84 per cent of the total electorate can be said to have voted, it is fairly conclusive that the majority are quite indifferent to the opportunity which the franchise offers them.

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US TO SUSPEND H-BOMB TESTS IN PACIFIC

Working Out New Safety Precautions

London, Mar. 26. British Labour leaders expressed relief tonight that American scientists have halted further hydrogen bomb tests in the Pacific till they work out new safety precautions.

Mr Clement Attlee, leader of the Socialist Opposition in Parliament, told Reuter: "I am very glad they have stopped any further experiments for the time being. We are all concerned about this question and we will have to watch the whole thing very closely."

The United States decision to delay testing a second hydrogen bomb came as Socialists were stepping up demands that Sir Winston Churchill should persuade President Eisenhower to take this action.

The Prime Minister will make an important Parliamentary statement next week on the H-bomb tests, which have aroused widespread fears since President Eisenhower, in effect, admitted that the March 1 burst at Bikini had got out of control.

He will probably tell the House of Commons he cannot ask America to completely abandon her experiments and leave Russia free to forge ahead in the weapons race.

Labour Members of Parliament will press Sir Winston Churchill to seek a meeting with President Eisenhower and the Soviet Prime Minister, Mr Malenkov, following the latest Pacific tests.

A flood of questions put forward for next week in the House of Commons are queries of how Britain's civil defence plans to counter the devastation of hydrogen bombs. One member will ask whether in view of the fact that the last hydrogen bomb effects were felt 1,200 miles from the scene of the explosion, the Government still proposes to encourage spending money on civil defence against atomic bombing.

Civil defence chiefs here fear that reports of the hydrogen bomb will spread confusion throughout their organisation and slow down recruiting. A Government civil defence spokesman said today: "It is too early yet to tell the results of the hydrogen bomb scare because recruiting figures come in monthly."

Britain now has 305,000 civil defence volunteers, 105,000 short of the peacetime target figure.

Big 3 To Discuss Trade Policies

London, Mar. 26. The Foreign Office said tonight that representatives of Britain, France and the United States would meet here next week to discuss their trade policies towards the Soviet bloc countries.

Discussions with other Western countries would follow later. Mr Harold E. Stassen, Director of the Foreign Operations Administration, is leaving Washington for London tonight for the talks.

Britain recently suggested increasing trade with Eastern European countries and has already had preliminary discussions with some Western nations on cutting the list of strategic goods that must not be sent to Russia and other European Communist states.—Reuter.

American Bombers For Indo-China

25 PROMISED

Washington, Mar. 26. The Pentagon announced tonight that 25 B-26 American bombers would be sent to French Indo-China very shortly.

The announcement was made on the occasion of the departure of General Paul Ely, Chief of Staff of the French Armed Forces, for Paris following talks with American officials on the situation in Indo-China.

The announcements said the bombers would be despatched in the immediate future to Indo-China on the basis of a temporary loan.

Meanwhile the Defence Department issued a statement released to the Press stating that General Ely's visit dealt with a detailed discussion of the current United States programmes for supplying equipment and ammunition to the forces of the French Union fighting in Indo-China.

The statement indicated that General Ely and American military leaders had discussed the contents of the latest communiqué submitted by the French Government to the United States listing its needs in material aid.

The statement went on to say that during his six-day visit here General Ely had conferred with President Eisenhower and with the Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, as well as with top-ranking civilian and military leaders, including Defence Secretary Mr Charles Wilson, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the members of the War Relocation Authority. The statement said that General Ely discussed questions of mutual interest to the French General Staff and the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff.

OTHER EQUIPMENT

General Ely also made a report to American military leaders on his recent visit to the Indo-China operational theatre. In addition to the bombers, the United States are planning to send shortly to Indo-China some miscellaneous equipment including ammunition and parachutes. This, it was stated, was a sequel to the normal programme of military assistance which has been in operation for several years.

Later, an informed source said that the first of the 25 B-26 bombers for Indo-China would be leaving the United States within the next fortnight.

The B-26 Douglas Invader is a twin-engined machine with a speed of 370 miles per hour and a range of 1,900 miles. It carries a four-man crew and is used on a big scale in Korea as a night fighter.—France-Press.

Passengers Stranded On Liner

New York, Mar. 26.

Three hundred passengers were stranded aboard an ocean liner in the middle of the Hudson River today when tugboats refused to dock the ship as it arrived from a gay Cuban cruise.

Passengers aboard the liner Empress of Scotland were victims of a strike which has crippled the port of New York for 22 days. Four tugs of the Mesick Towing Company escorted the vessel to the pier but refused to dock her because of a picket line ashore—set up by members of the Independent International Longshoremen's Association.

The liner's captain decided not to risk docking the vessel unassisted in today's high winds. So, still escorted by the tugs, the ship proceeded down the river and dropped anchor.

A spokesman for the Canadian Pacific Steamship Ltd. said if the winds and tide were right, an attempt to dock the ship would be made tomorrow morning.

Meanwhile, the "captive" passengers, returning from Havana, were still "at sea" although New York was only a few hundred feet away. Steamship men said no attempt would be made to bring the passengers ashore by launch.

The tugmen's refusal to dock the vessel came shortly after violence flared on the strike-hit waterfront.—United Press.

Pact Deplored

London, Mar. 26.

A resolution "deplored" the recent Anglo-Japanese trade agreement, is to be put forward at the forthcoming Blackpool conference of the Co-operative Party.—China Mail Special.

Cabinet Ministers Resign

Cairo, Mar. 26.

All Egyptian Cabinet Ministers, military and civilian, have tendered their resignations to President Naguib, usually reliable sources said here tonight.

They have been asked to remain in office until General Naguib forms a new all-civilian "neutral caretaker" Cabinet this weekend, the sources said.

The Cabinet's resignation will not be officially announced until the departure of King Saud of Saudi Arabia, who is due to end his state visit to Egypt on Sunday.

All Ministers will go to their offices tomorrow to collect their personal papers, the sources said.

Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, who unsuccessfully opposed President Naguib's drive for a speedy return to Parliamentary life in Egypt, said today he would go back to his Army job in July.—Reuter.

Saboteurs Blow Up Ammunition Dump

London, Mar. 26. Anti-British saboteurs caused a quarter of a million sterling damage when they blew up a British Army ammunition dump, the War Office said today.

But they refused to say when or where the explosion took place, and who was responsible. The giant sabotage loss was revealed in Army accounts for the year 1952-53, which devoted two lines to the entry: "Destruction of ammunition depot abroad by an explosion and resultant fire caused by unknown native saboteurs—£251,772."

A War Office spokesman said "it would be more improper for us to make any comment on this until a statement has been made in the House of Commons. That is the normal procedure."

The period covered by the accounts is the financial year ending on March 31, 1953. They reveal that almost half a million sterling worth of stores was lost in that period by theft, fraud, gross and gross negligence. The mysterious sabotage explosion was just under half of the total. Almost £100,000 of the total was written off by the authorities without explanation.

DISCREPANCIES

Total army expenditure for the year 1952-53 was £521 million—£5 million less than had been granted by Parliament.

The accounts noted "wide discrepancies" between stocks and reports at an ammunition depot and at the main ordnance distributing depot in Egypt. But no comment was made on this. "Unsatisfactory matters" had been disclosed in inquiries into the contracting of foodstuffs for British troops in the Suez Canal zone.

The report said that prices paid to merchants in Cyprus for the supply of food to British troops in Egypt and to the British garrison in Cyprus revealed that supplies for the Canal Zone troops were "appreciably higher and sometimes over double."

"It appears," the report added, "that certain unsatisfactory matters have been disclosed by cost examinations of the contractors records—in Cyprus. These are being investigated." The report said in future, supplies from Cyprus would be obtained directly by the local Army authorities, through competitive tenders.—Reuter.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"	By "The Turf"
RACE 1 Bright Bay Fleetmaster Hourietta Outsider: Mabel	RACE 1 Bright Bay Fleetmaster Clairon Outsider: Hongkong Sijtee
RACE 2 John Hallifax Lawrence Blue Bird Outsider: Queen Helen	RACE 2 Queen Helen Blue Bird Lawrence Outsider: John Hallifax
RACE 3 Firefly Ben Lomond Fire-Glo Outsider: Bonita	RACE 3 Ben Lomond Firefly Fire-Glo Outsider: Gold Medal
RACE 4 Bitter Sweet Harvest Moon Chelso Outsider: National Glory	RACE 4 Bitter Sweet Carina Delight South Pacific Outsider: Harvest Moon
RACE 5 Jingle Bell Possibility II Smiling Tiger Outsider: Tip Top	RACE 5 Possibility II Jingle Bell Smiling Tiger Outsider: King Rider
RACE 6 Flying Dutchman Comet Hawaiian Moon Outsider: Red Feather	RACE 6 Red Feather Rebel II Hawaiian Moon Outsider: Flying Dutchman
RACE 7 Ambition Tonybee First Edition Outsider: Adorable Atalanta	RACE 7 L'arc Triomphe Ambition First Edition Outsider: Rainbow
RACE 8 Evergreen Attractive Power Films Outsider: Wild Honey	RACE 8 Evergreen Norse Lady Fortuna Outsider: Amber
RACE 9 The Tigress Trade Wind Scribo Outsider: Desert Gold	RACE 9 Scribo Rebel Wish Easy Going Outsider: Souvenir
RACE 10 Solar Knight American Carrot Fidra Outsider: Fleeting Moment	RACE 10 Fidra Solar Knight Beautiful Star Outsider: Tip On

River Tigris Reaches Grave Danger Level

Baghdad, Mar. 26. The River Tigris has reached a grave danger level exceeding the danger point by ten centimetres this afternoon, Radio Baghdad announced tonight.

Although the water has still not inundated the city as a result of emergency measures in the eastern part of Baghdad, it was still threatening the city. Seven breaches have been made on the river dykes north and south of Baghdad in an effort to cope with the rising waters.

The river level continued to rise and was expected to rise further during the night if the level of the northern tributaries of the Tigris River goes down.

The drop in the water level will not be felt in the city for a few days.

Meanwhile it was expected more dykes will have to be blasted during the night to the south of the city because of the rise in the water of the Diyala River, a southern tributary of the Tigris.—France-Press.

Bomb-Throwing Egyptians

Ismaia, Mar. 26.

Two Egyptians on a motor-cycle threw a bomb into a three-storey building occupied by British paratroopers here tonight.

There were no casualties and little damage.—Reuter.

JAVA HIT BY TYPHOON

Djakarta, Mar. 26. Reports reaching here today said that a strong typhoon swept over the Sallitica area in Central Java yesterday afternoon, totally destroying the rubber factory of the Gevas estate and uprooting numerous rubber trees. No casualties were reported as the workers had already left the factory.—France-Press.



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SUNDAY MORNING **KING'S** AT 11.30 A.M.
20th Century-Fox Presents
CLAUDETTE COLBERT in
"THREE CAME HOME"
AT REDUCED PRICES!

KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE
AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

SHOWING TO-DAY

THE KILLER OF "SHANE" IN HIS MOST EXCITING ROLE!
FLIGHT TO TANGIER
JOAN FONTAINE, JACK PALANCE, CORINNE CALVEY, ROBERT DOUGLAS
Written and Directed by CHARLES MARSHALL
Produced by M. J. HOLZ
A Paramount Picture

PRINCESS ANNOUNCES
THE COMPLETED INSTALLATION
OF
NEW PANORAMIC GIANT-SIZED SCREEN
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"FLIGHT TO TANGIER"

PRINCESS TO-MORROW AT 11.15 A.M.
EXTRA MORNING SHOW
VARIETY PROGRAMME OF
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AND THE THREE STOOGES
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By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS



Marlon Brando and Mary Murphy in "THE WILD ONE"

The moonlighter and his midnight lady having ridden into the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA, rather unexpectedly and galloped off again to make way for "LOVE LOTTERY". There's really not much point in commenting on their somewhat brief stay, except to say that the "WOMEN OF PARIS" couldn't have been exerting all their subtle charms, to have given way so easily before the very obvious lure of the booted and spurred midnight lady.

After "LOVE LOTTERY", the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA will be giving us "ISLAND IN THE SKY".

Based on the best-selling novel by Ernest K. Gann, "ISLAND IN THE SKY" follows the adventures of the crew of a transport plane forced down in the wilds of Labrador. John Wayne is the star and it's a Wayne-Fellows production.

Wayne himself is the captain of the aircraft and his co-pilot is played by Lloyd Nolan. The members of the crew include Sean McClory and James Arness.

Five harrowing days and nights are spent by the crew of the aircraft in sub-zero temperatures while rescue operations are got under way back at headquarters. (The man who always makes me want to cough while he's talking) is seen as one of the team sent out to find the lost crew. It remains for Wayne to keep his men alive until they are sighted by the rescue party.

"ISLAND IN THE SKY", with the author of the book acting as technical adviser, was filmed with Warner-Phonic sound and each line of dialogue, each revolution of the aircraft motors, each twig snapping in the frosty air will be heard by the audience from the point of origin.

When a group of men get together, the conversation, I'm told, usually turns to women. I don't know how true this happens to be, but in the film, with an Arctic blizzard sweeping over them, not much time passes before each man starts thinking of the girl he left behind him. One thinks of more than one girl and another tries to picture the girl he would like to find when he returns to civilisation. All this is done by the well-known flash-back method.

THE GIRLS

The girls in the dreams of the stranded fliers are Ann Doran, Dawn Rogers and Phyllis Winger, who reportedly has been awarded a six-picture contract for her performance in "ISLAND IN THE SKY". Of the women players, Ann Doran is, I believe, known as one of the screen's better character actresses. Dawn Rogers and Phyllis Winger are comparative newcomers—I can't remember ever having seen either of them before.

Now showing "FLIGHT TO TANGIER", the KING'S and PRINCESS are going to follow up with a Simpson's "THE BLUE LAGOON". We've already had this here—it was the film in which the Welsh discovery Donald Houston, was introduced to us.

When I read H. de Vere Stacpoole's novel in my teens, it

left a very deep impression of an idyllic love affair with a suspicion of other-worldiness about it. Maybe I was impressionable. When I think back to my recollections of the film, made in 1948, the first one that comes to mind is that of a pleasantly buxom hockey girl cantering along the fore-shore in a most this-worldish way. Perhaps my viewpoint's changed.

For those of you who haven't seen "BLUE LAGOON" or read the book, it is the romance of two children, shipwrecked on a desert island, who grow up in an earthly paradise of blue seas and golden sands.

Their solitude is broken once only by two very poor products of civilisation who try to exploit them. All that the children know of the world beyond their island is taken from their only book—"A Guide To Behaviour For Ladies And Gentlemen"—and this doesn't make provision for a situation in which, bewildered by their own emotions, they fall in love. In a violent tropical hurricane their baby son is born. As the child grows older, they realise that they must return to civilisation for his sake and they set out in their small boat in search of the world beyond the reef.

These are the bare facts, but it was a most moving story.

RATHER DIFFERENT

A rather different nature-child takes over after "BLUE LAGOON"—Marlon Brando in "THE WILD ONE". Again he's cast in a tough role, so if you were getting used to seeing him as a more sympathetic character after his performance as Mark Anthony in "JULIUS CAESAR", it's to get in a more receptive frame of mind for "THE WILD ONE", just take your mind back to "A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE".

Brando plays the leader of a gang of rough, truculent motorcyclists who swagger into a small town apolloing for trouble because they've been barred from the track of a nearby speedway stadium. And trouble they find.

They wreck a car, intimidate the town's solitary policeman, insult the townspeople, chase the local girls and generally behave like hooligans.

To add to the town's troubles, a rival team of cyclists descends on it and the leader and Brando fight a "pitiful" battle in the streets. So say that all the good citizens are unsympathetic to these rowdies—is putting it mildly—all of them, that is, except the policeman's pretty daughter.

To introduce this note of softness into the picture, the producer Stanley Kramer chose Mary Murphy. She finds Brando attractive to start with; later, his odd, apparently indifferent attitude towards life in general frightens her after his initial tenderness and she finds her sympathy for him disappearing.

Those three money-spinners, Beatty, Grable and Monroe, will still be reigning at the ROXY and BROADWAY, but a new and exciting picture is coming to the screen.

WELL DONE, GIRLS!

Those three money-spinners, Beatty, Grable and Monroe, will still be reigning at the ROXY and BROADWAY, but a new and exciting picture is coming to the screen.

Oscar Homolka is a very nice kind of Red Russian in "TOP SECRET". True, he tries to get the plans of the men's abductions at Barworth out of George Cole in the mistaken belief that they're the plans for a new British atom bomb, but in such a nice way that you really can't be angry with him.

RURITANIAN

"TOP SECRET" is a pleasant little British film that leaves you at the end with the feeling that the Other Side are a lot of characters straight from Ruritania and that there's nothing to worry about at all.

The handful of so-called British intelligentsia that slavishly admires the Communist way of life are depicted as the half-baked posers who like to think they are and even Nadia Gray at a loyal little Russian comrade is allowed the luxury of saying that she "despises traitors of whatever country they're disloyal to".

We are rather good at laughing at ourselves and as long as this double joke is fully understood by the audience for whom it is designed, "TOP SECRET" can be recommended without reservation.

George Cole is a completely different "comic" from Norman Wisdom and to my taste infinitely preferable. But then, I can't take unadvised farces. I have to have a bit of a story with a few serious situations to lighten the mixture. George Cole is the little man who knows his place and is quite content to stay there. Wisdom, given the same opportunities of rising to heights of fame and fortune, would grasp them with both hands and probably become Prime Minister!

I've mentioned the three main characters in "TOP SECRET"—George Cole, Oscar Homolka and Nadia Gray. Let me also mention Wilfrid Hyde-White. I'm never quite sure why, at the end of a long cast list, in a picture in which he has a comparatively small part, we always find "AND Wilfrid Hyde-White", as though he's visiting royalty, or something. I grant you he's immensely entertaining and of "performance", but it's his willingness to take a supporting role, let him accept commensurate billing.

Nadia Gray is a very lovely girl and although, to wear, she's only given the kind of Russian uniform we'd expect to see, her "carries" it off most gracefully.

JAPANESE CHARM

Charm, in the Japanese manner, is displayed in "THE LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER OF JAPAN".

This is not quite what you might expect from the title. The true wife has a cold by a man other than her husband, but she's not the sordid little Lady Chatterley was.

The Japanese Lady Chatterley had some excuse for falling in love with a painter. Her husband—a General—was unable to live a complete married life with her and she struggled against temptation for a long time before giving in. It's a small incident in the picture. The Japanese of it is concerned

with the child. She's brought up by the forgiving General and his attendant wife and in spite of all their efforts to keep the truth from her, realises that her mother has a secret.

There are some very touching scenes between mother and daughter and between husband and wife. The painter I found revolting.

The Japanese cast have had their dialogue dubbed into Mandarin and there are English subtitles—sometimes a little difficult to understand!

NAVAJOS

Universal's International's "COLUMB SOUTH", which unfortunately I haven't seen, is about a young American cavalry officer (played by Audie Murphy) who tries to bring peace to the expanding frontiers of 1880 America.

The Indians this time are Navajos and if you know the words of "Empty Saddles" as sung by B.B. King, you'll remember that they were a pretty shady bunch of characters—most unfriendly in fact. Their chief is played in the new sympathetic manner by Dennis Weaver.

If you think you can impersonate a redskin, then Hollywood is obviously the place for you these days. Genuine Indian extra players, who used to be as plentiful as swimming pools there, are getting very hard to find. Those they use to make up the numbers for a western, are a hybrid mixture of movie stuntmen, part time players and bit players who have made a specialty of impersonating Red Indians for so long that there is a saying in the studios that they "grunt Ugh" when they receive their salaries!

With Audie Murphy in "COLUMB SOUTH", are Joan Evans and Robert Sterling. Audie Murphy understands the Red Indian point of view—the chief of the Navajos is his friend. Robert Sterling, his commanding officer, doesn't need a say more!

After "REMAINS TO BE SEEN", the CAPITOL is bringing back a film called "THE GREAT WALTZ". I won't call it an "old" film because it is in costume and as such doesn't date in the way a modern comedy might.

In years, however, it is old—ten years old to be precise—but don't let that dissuade you from going to see it. Miliza Korjus' magnificent contralto voice is something not to be missed since we never seem to see her nowadays on the screen.

Added to her voice, there's her wonderful rich, generous personality overflowing with the joy of "living" and singing, coupled with the delicate charm of Luisa Rainer.

I wonder what's happened to Luisa Rainer, by the way—after the superb showing she made with Paul Muni in "THE GOOD EARTH", her absence from the screen for so long is a great loss.

In this story of an episode in the life of Johann Strauss you'll also see Fernand Grivet.

YET ANOTHER

I've just had some information given me about yet another new process joining the ranks of Cinemascope, D.P. Wide or Panaramic, Screen, Cinema etc. This one's been produced by Paramount and is called "Vistavision".

Its emphasis is on the fact that "Height" is as important as "Width" in the presentation of a motion picture on the screen. The Vistavision camera uses a horizontal double frame negative to photograph the picture.

This process eliminates grain and fuzziness. In addition, the Vistavision camera permits the use of lenses in photographing, with an angle varying from 9 up to 75 degrees, and still allows the photographing of scenes without distortion due to the exact ratio of width to height.

With the Vistavision process, people and the objects around them can be photographed as seen by the human eye. It is not necessary to crop or eliminate the top or bottom of most abnormal limitations of most other processes.

QUEEN'S
TOMORROW MORNING AT 11.30 a.m.
BURT LANCASTER in
"TEN TALL MEN"
A Columbia Picture in Technicolor
AT REDUCED PRICES!

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SHOWING TO-DAY

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Marilyn Monroe Betty Grable Lauren Bacall
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At 12.00 Noon
ROXY BROADWAY
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"BEHOLD"
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Riches Are Source Of Embarrassment

The government isn't sure what to do with the treasure. Unofficial suggestions that it be used to pay some Southeast Asian reparations claims against Japan bring nervous reactions from the Foreign Office.

London Police Have To Be Artful To Catch Bookies

When near the bookie the two men dropped the ladder and grabbed the man. They told him he was under arrest and announced themselves as policemen.

Has A Dim Future Lined Up

years ago. He got in touch with the bank and records proved he had a dormant account. Shortly afterwards he received a check for the amount he deposited when

Yesterday's Dime

Checking a list of dormant bank accounts, James Spicer Jr. remembered one he opened years ago. He got in touch with the bank and records proved he had a dormant account. Shortly afterwards he received a check for the amount he deposited when he was a high school senior.

ould you say your telephone number was 4-0934?"
cheerfully, "4-0934." Glo-

Numbers Gam

Portland, Me.
Maureen Lynch, 5, could
remember where she lived when
she became lost from her sisters
on the way home from
the movies. Dave Glover,
found her wandering, asked
an off-hand manner, "V
did you say your telephone
number was?" Maureen re
sponded cheerily, "4-0934." Glover
called the number. Case closed.

Holland, it and whom talk
results prove to be satisfactory
United Press

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PRINCE Frederick Charles of Prussia, 35-year-old grand-nephew of the late Kaiser, uncoils his six-foot body from behind the wheels of his cream Porsche car on Blackpool promenade at the start of the RAC British International rally. He was co-driver in the German entry. (Express)

RIGHT: Sir Gladwyn Jebb, who is moving from the post of chief British delegate to the U.N. to British Ambassador in Paris, pictured at Southampton with Lady Jebb and their 20-year-old daughter, Stella. (Express)



VISCOUNT and Lady Waverley greet the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret on their arrival at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, to attend a gala performance in aid of the Sadlers Wells Ballet Benevolent Fund. (Express)



YOUNGEST producer of the drama society at Queen Mary College, in London's Mile End Road, is ginger-haired Ann Summersby, aged 19, from Dorking. She is staging Thurber's comedy, 'The Male Animal,' at the People's Palace, Stepney. (Express)



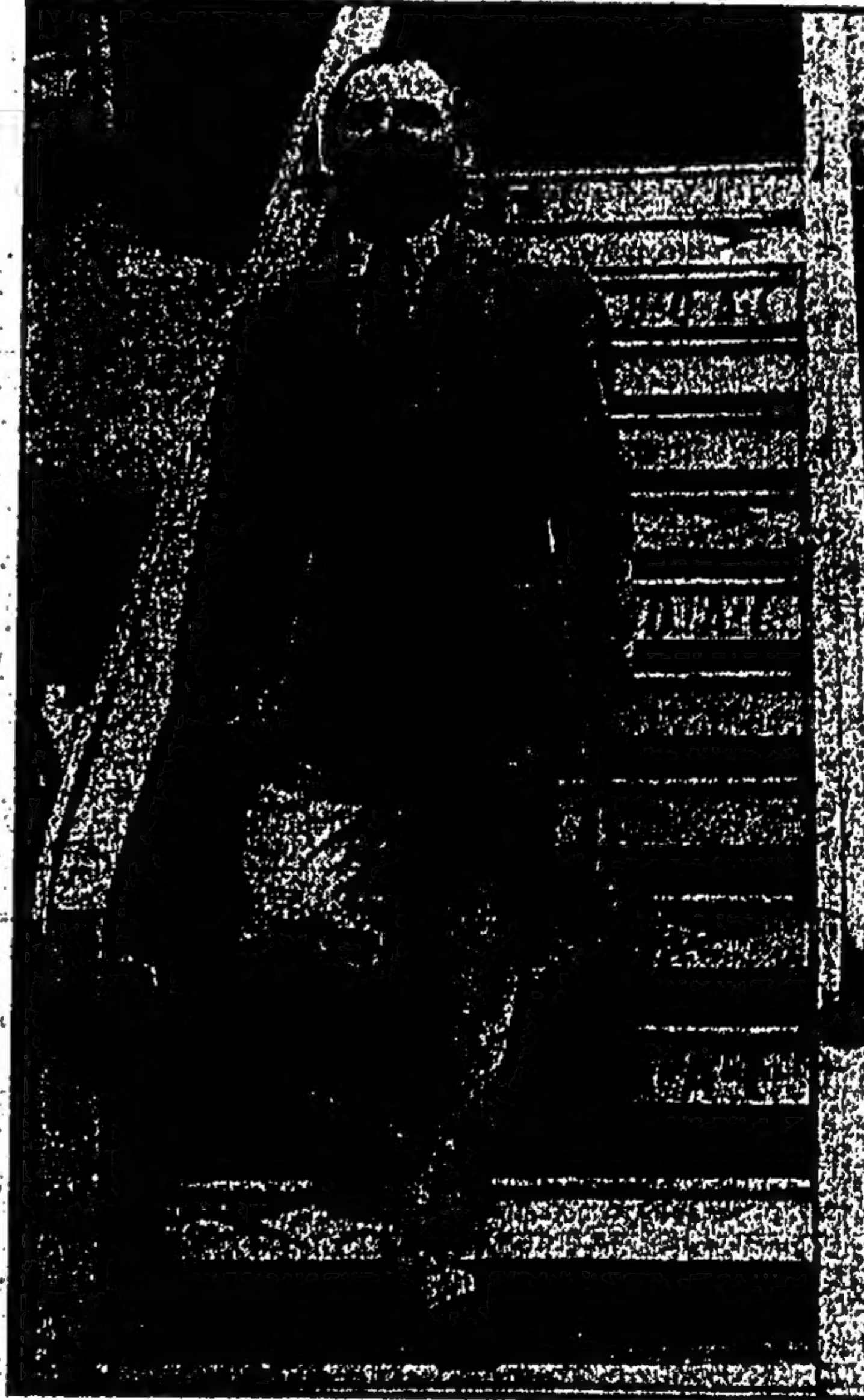
WORLD'S youngest lion tamer, 15-year-old Cedric Crossfield, of Middleton, Lancashire, in a circus ring cage for the first time. It was a three-minute appearance before 3,000 people at Sheffield. (Express)



ST MARY'S, the main centre of the flower industry of the Isles of Scilly, is now a hive of activity as the local inhabitants reap their annual Spring harvest, now in full swing. These daffodils are being bunched for the market.



LEFT: The Wachholtz triplets of Chelsea as they appeared at their first birthday party. From left: George, Patrick and Richard. (Express)



RIGHT: Mr Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of State, stepping off the plane at London Airport on his return from Khartoum. He flew out to attend the opening of the Sudanese Parliament, which was postponed because of rioting. (Express)



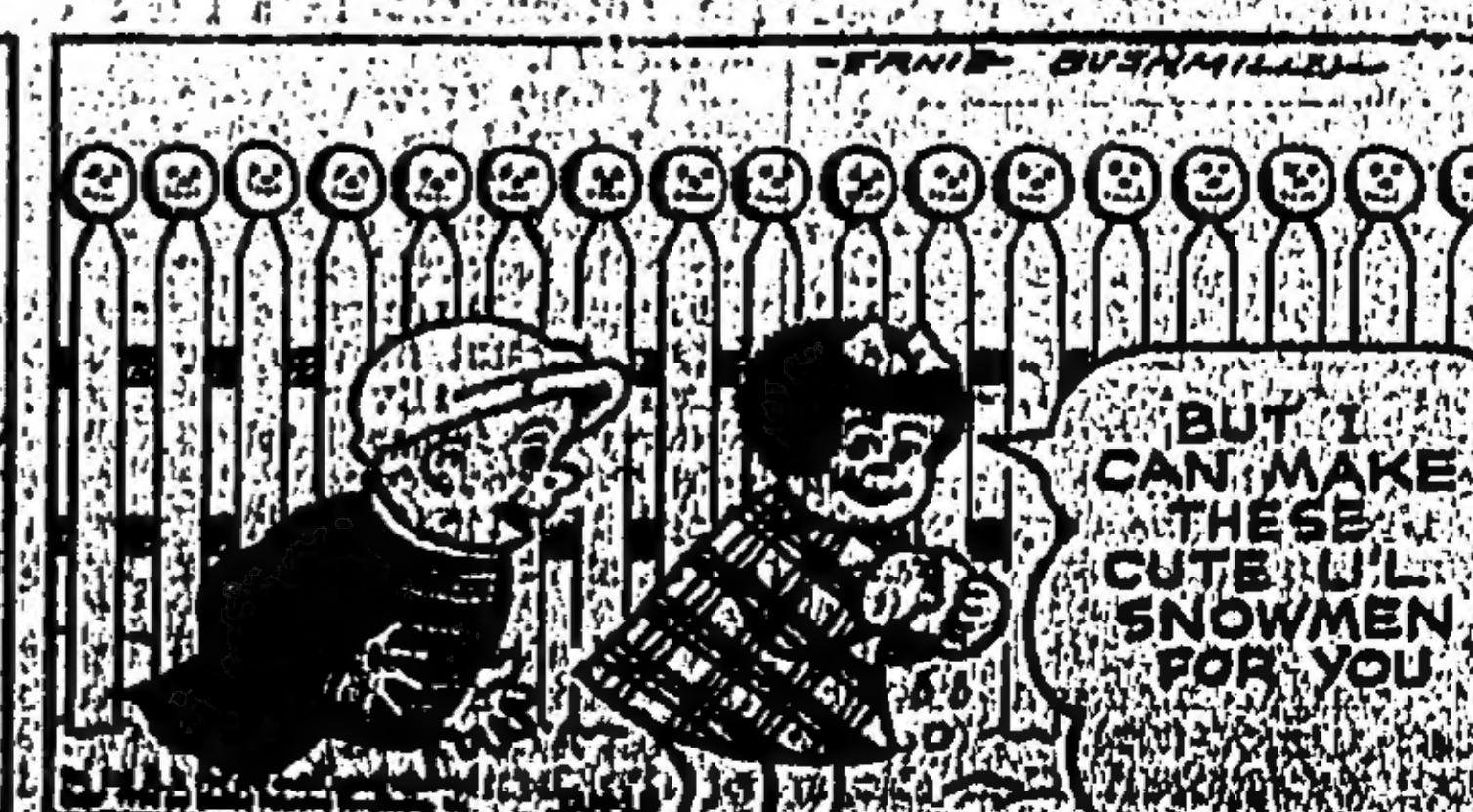
LADY Annabel Stewart, 19-year-old daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry, and Mr Mark Birley, 23-year-old son of the late Sir Oswald Birley, the portrait painter, leaving Caxton Hall after their marriage. They are spending their honeymoon in Austria. (Express)



A CHAMPAGNE party was given a few days ago at Wildenstein's, the art dealers in Bond Street, London, in honour of Gladys Robinson, wife of film actor Edward G. Robinson, to mark the opening of an exhibition of her paintings. She is seen showing them to Senor C. Linder de Negré, the Mexican Minister. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK
MAGIC
PLAIN
CHOCOLATES

WHY THE BRITISH HUSBAND SUFFERS

By LES ARMOUR

London. THE Medical Officer for Reading has presented us with a soul-searing picture of the British husband.

He reports (with a straight face): "We are dishing out thousands of tons of phenobarbitone and tonics, and we know what are really needed are a new house, a new wife, or the absence of a mother-in-law."

There you have it:

Millions of Britons writhing in mental anguish, alternately drugged with sleeping pills and shot back to consciousness with stimulating tonics.

How many poor wretches in these islands are in this sad state we have no way of knowing. "But thousands of tons" of phenobarb and tonic must go a long, long way.

Depressing

If this is so—and we have the good doctor's word that it is—then it is depressing to note that the twentieth century can produce only a bottle of sleeping pills as the solution to the problems with us since Eve arrived in the Garden.

What's gone wrong with us?

Does no laughter permeate the gloom of these islands? Have we no gin to put with our tonic?

Or how about a good old-fashioned bawling-out for the wife and marching orders for the offending mother-in-law?

Surely, these are the traditional solutions to the problem. Men did not always retire from the foray via the doctor's office with a box of pills.

No doubt, however, the contemporary problem is subtler in kind.

They Slip

Since the advent of Doctors Freud and Jung our psychological troubles have shown a tendency to slip away into the subconscious, there to fester alarmingly. They look distinctly queer when they get back to the surface again.

The man who appears in the doctor's consulting room doubtless thinks he is suffering from one of those queer afflictions which patent medicine makers use to scare the pants off us.

But are there no doctors with sufficient courage to tell us the awful truth? Why not a gentle: "I say, old man, what you need to do is to get rid of that mother-in-law or a whispered: "Time you brought the wife into line, old boy."

Or can it be that the doctors themselves have mother-in-law trouble?



"If you will kindly step into my cabin for a moment, you and I will have a little chat about the First Lord's announcement—'More family life soon in the Navy'."

London Express Service

Going on leave? Then, you can plan a HOLIDAY WITH MUSIC

By Gerard Bourke

HAVE you ever thought of combining your leave with a visit to one of the many music festivals now held annually in Europe?

Not all charge high prices for admission, and in many cases—as at the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth—students are given tickets at reduced rates.

Comprehensive tours picking out the chief events at each festival are, of course, expensive.

Nevertheless, music lovers, prepared to travel cheaply, can enjoy unusual holidays and at the same time save money for better seats at the festivals. (One student I know hitch-hikes to Continental festivals each year, travelling in great discomfort but gladly paying two guineas or more for each opera ticket).

For those who keep their love of music within more reasonable bounds, many of the festivals offer additional

pleasures, as at Salzburg, Austria's most picturesque city. Its annual festival, founded by Richard Strauss and the Austrian poet, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, shortly after the first World War, offers a perfect musical holiday.

During the day one can explore the lovely city that combines baroque architecture, religious art and Alpine scenery. Or one can visit the nearby warm lakes of the Salzkammergut region before returning to change for the opera or concert.

The festival still honours Mozart, born at Salzburg nearly 200 years ago, and smaller festivals have been held there since 1845, when Constanze Mozart died more than fifty years after her husband's tragically early death.

The fortress, stronghold of the early prince-bishops of Salzburg, controls the view of the curving Salzach river. At Hellbrunn, on the outskirts of the city, the palace gardens are alive with curious and often embarrassing fountains designed by a bishop with an odd sense of humour.

FIREWORKS

ON Saturdays during the festival, there are national costume parades through the city, followed by a fireworks display, and races on the Salzach with canoes festooned with Chinese lanterns.

The musical standard at the Salzburg festival is extremely high, with performances by the Vienna State Opera and orchestra, often conducted by Wilhelm Furtwängler or Bruno Walter. This year Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and "Così fan tutte" will be staged, as well as new productions of Richard Strauss's "Ariadne," Weber's "Der Freischütz," and the world premiere of Liebermann's "Penelope."

Naturally the city with its winding narrow streets becomes crowded during the festival but, even so, it is always possible to find in minute accommodation. As in German towns, the tourist bureaux, usually at stations, provide addresses of hotels or private houses with suitable accommodation—an idea that could be copied elsewhere. Munich is also an attractive and convenient centre for a musical holiday. It can be reached by going slowly along the Rhine from Cologne to Mainz or one of the frequent Rhine steamers, remembering that a rail ticket to Munich is

interchangeable in one direction, for the steamer. The river goes through Bonn, where one can visit the Beethoven house, and then past lovely vineyard country, and the rather ugly Loreley rock immortalised in German song. Or if one returns by steamer—it is wine festival time—there is adequate excuse to dally at the villages.

The Munich festival, presented principally by Mozart and Richard Strauss, a native of the city, whose mother was a member of the Pechor brewers and his father first horn player at the opera. This year there will be one cycle of Wagner's "Ring," as well as Filtner's "Parsifal," an inspiring operatic version of the life of the great composer.

The Isar river flows swiftly through the highest capital city in Europe, and its beautiful valleys can easily be visited. Or one can take a fast train south to the Starnberg Lake, a yachting centre, where King Ludwig II of Bavaria was found drowned in 1886. On an island in the Chiemsee to the east of Munich, there is his beautiful Herrschheim Palace modelled on Versailles, and actually more magnificent and larger.

UNFORGETTABLE

ON Saturday evenings a serenade concert is held by the light of 4,000 candles in the endlessly-reflecting gallery of mirrors, an unforgettable sight. Finally, if one remains at Munich until September 18, there is the opening ceremony of the hilarious October Festival.

The small north Bavarian town of Bayreuth is reached

from Munich by passing through Dachau and then Nuremberg, city of "The Mastersingers" and Hans Sachs, also of Durer. Tickets at the Bayreuth Wagner Festival cost from £2 to £4 each, but in return one sees what are undoubtedly the finest Wagner performances of today, produced by the composer's grandsons, Wieland and Wolf-Sang Wagner.

Even so, the festival does not pay and has to be subsidised by the Bavarian Government. It angers some Bavarians to see rich foreigners paying high prices for a festival they subsidise, and it is probable that this festival will be the last for at least two years. "Tannhäuser" replaces "Tristan" in the repertory this summer.

SCANDINAVIA

AN early musical holiday can be taken by visiting three Scandinavian festivals now run consecutively. The 200-year-old Royal Danish Ballet will give a week of festive performances, after which one can cross conveniently to Stockholm for their second annual festival to include performances at the Drottningholm Palace, which is claimed to have the only intact 18th century playhouse still in use. Handel's "Orlando" will be staged, and there will be ballet, and opera with the Swedish tenor, Jussi Björling.

Those who are able to stay long can then go either to the Greig festival at Bergen, or better still to the Sibelius Festival at Helsinki. All the symphonies and other important works of the 88-year-old master will be played in the City Hall where many of them were first heard.

The other principal European festivals will be at Venice, where Benjamin Britten's new opera "The Turn of the Screw" will be presented, and the annual Holland Festival that has invited this year not only the La Scala Opera, but the BBC Symphony Orchestra and the Sadler's Wells Ballet.

Lastly, cellists who want to make their holiday something of a pilgrimage may go to Prades, on the eastern French Pyrenees, where a festival is held by Pablo Casals. The great cellist now lives there in voluntary exile from Franco Spain, refusing to play in countries acknowledging his regime. The sloping olive gardens, and the arid region of the small independent state of Andorra offer possibilities for an inexpensive and unusual musical holiday.



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THE CHURCH ORGANIST WHO WROTE THE EVER-POPULAR "LAMBETH WALK"

By MARTIN SCOTT SAUNDERS

London. NOEL GAY, the church organist who composed the song and dance sensation of the century, "The Lambeth Walk," died this month only two and a half miles from his beloved Lambeth.

He had been ill for some weeks at his home in Portland Place, after catching a chill on a visit to Wakefield, Yorkshire.

That was where this prince of popular melodies was born, 55 years ago, into a family with strong affinities to the church.

Indeed, at 18, Reginald Armitage—his real name—was assistant organist at Wakefield Cathedral.

And at 18 he was deputy organist at the Chapel

Royal, St. James's, and director of music at St Anne's, Soho.

But towards the end of the twenties—and to the bewilderment of his brother, now the vicar of St Bride's, Fleet Street—Reginald Armitage became Noel Gay.

And in 1930 he wrote "All the King's Horses," which was sung by Cicely Courtneidge, became a smash hit, and earned him £8,000.

From then on Noel Gay's tunes became signature tunes for errand boys—"Around the Marble Arch," "There's Something About a Soldier," "I Took My Harp to a Party."

In 1936 came another rip-roaring success, "The Flamingo Port Again." But that was a pale thing compared with the worldwide epidemic of "Ole

which followed "The Lambeth Walk."

Gay wrote the tune, Douglas Furber wrote the words—in ten minutes, he said. Lupino Lane sang and danced the number in "Me and My Girl."

And the song nearly died—before that 1937 show brought Noel Gay £20,000.

For the show, after a successful tour, was doing badly at the Victoria Palace, which is outside London's West End.

One evening two men from the BBC—John Wall, then Director of Variety, and Charles Brewer—saw the show, in a half-full theatre.

They discussed it, but it could not be arranged for weeks. By then, time seemed to have passed. And then the variety department had suddenly to fill an hour.

And later would come that uproarious cockney "Ole!"

Then the war turned Noel Gay, Master of Arts and Bachelor of Music of Cambridge University, into the troops' sing-song laureate.

For he it was who wrote "Run, Rabbit, Run" for Flanagan and Allen, and "Let the People Sing" and that rage of the garrison theatres, "You've Done Something to My Heart."

He became more and more prolific—remember "All the Way to the Place" and "Hey, Little Girl"—and more and more successful. From the short, pink, chubby-faced man who beamed over his spectacles.

As he became increasingly successful, he wrote no hit tunes for the troops. "Thank you," he said, "I've given enough to the troops. Now I'm giving to the home front."

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The Fight that Finished the Champion

A GIANT BEAT THE FIRE OUT OF WOODCOCK

THE heavyweight champion of England lay strangely still on the rubbing table at Harringay. All we could see as we shuffled quietly around were a pair of boxing boots, a drab coloured blanket, and a swathe of towelling round the champion's head. We muttered among ourselves. No brash questions tonight, boys. This could be a hospital case.

★ **BAKSI was nobody's fool in the fight game. He carried out to the letter the simple and explicit instructions for the annihilation . . .**

● SO BEGAN a night of blind gallantry, of tragedy . . . and so, too, began the story told here in this first article of a new series

by GEORGE WHITING

The door of the dressing-room opened, and we moved aside as a grey-haired, square shouldered American of middle age pushed through the mob outside. Colonel Edward Egan, the Rhodes scholar who became chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, lifted a corner of the towel, gazed for full 20 seconds at what lay beneath, and said, very quietly:

"Bruce Woodcock, you are a brave boy who has taken a beating. You've been out there in the punishment pit. Don't let it dishearten you, but go out and get some experience. Beating second-rate men has done you no good. Rough it around for a while—and you'll lick them all yet."

Jaw broken

Colonel Egan was right in his diagnosis but only partly right in his assessment of the pugilist's future on the table.

Bruce Woodcock did indeed fight again, and with much purpose, publicity and profit. He stopped Lee Oza (11 years, 10 months, 10 days), Johnny Ralph and Freddie Mills, lost and won against Lee Savold, and was finally beaten by Jack Gardner.

We even rated him a world contender again. But both he and we know now that the fire that was Woodcock was doused for ever on that night of April 16, 1947—the night that Joe Baksi broke his jaw, pulped his face, put him in the shadow of semi-blindness, and rendered him unfit for public viewing for 17 pain-wracked months.

Baksi, the clown

The Woodcock-Baksi fight, we were assured in those days of plentiful dough, would have everything. Its date was announced at a social gathering at the Savoy; Baksi, a giant from the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania, was trumpeted into the country with all the phoney ceremony of a film star, ringside seats, priced at twenty guineas each for the last time in Britain, changed hands for treble their value; more than 100,000 applications were made for the 11,000 tickets available; gross takings topped the then indoor record of £24,000.

Baksi, a genial man in public and a bad-tempered boog in private, behaved like a clown at Harringay, where he trained under the expert eye of that suave American, Ray Arcel.

Woodcock, never readily approachable, inspired even siller "secret punch" stories than usual by the simple expedient of locking the door of the stable he had converted into a rough and ready gymnasium adjoining a pub at Babby, his Doncaster home.

I visited both camps, and, such is the insidious nature of publicity, I fooled even myself into believing that here indeed was the match of the moment. Thousands packed Kings Cross station for Woodcock's arrival the night before the fight. Special squads of police had to clear the way outside Jack Solomon's office for the midday weigh-in at Great Windmill Street.

Nat Rogers, then matchmaker for New York's Madison Square Garden, arrived with an almost frantic offer of £30,000 for the winner to fight Joe Louis for the heavyweight championship of the world. Even Baksi's attractive blonde wife, Anne, was roped into the publicity picture and labelled in the gossip columns as "The girl who waits while her husband fights."

All for one of the most through-paced thrashings ever handed to British heavyweight champion.

A show-off outside the ring, the giant Baksi was nobody's fool at the fight game. He carried out to the letter the simple and explicit instructions for the annihilation of Woodcock. "Don't fool around—go get him in the first round."

Silent skirmish

Joe did just that. The Harringay fanfare died down, referee Moss Deyong completed his introductions, the bell hushed our expectant chatter—and the fight between American Joe Baksi (15st. 3½lb.) and Britain's Bruce Woodcock (13st. 12½lb.) was on.

For possibly one minute, glove sought flesh and eye met eye in silent skirmish.

And then—bingo! Woodcock, the trained-to-a-half-ex-railwayman we had pictured as champion of the world, had become in a flash a flailing, semi-conscious and witless heap of humanity on the floor—paper-legged victim of an explosive hook to the upper jaw from Baksi's ponderous-looking left arm.

...I couldn't see

Woodcock has subsequently called that hook a "sucker" punch. "It landed on the side of my head, and the effect was the same as if he'd thrown half a ton of lead at me. Baksi's muscular bulk became like a vague, ghostly vision in front of me. I couldn't see properly. The whole vast arena seemed to be swimming round me in a crazy whirlpool of lights and heads, and white shirts, like a trick camera-shot from a Hollywood film trailer. I lost all sense of balance and distance, all count of time. I don't remember going down."

But we who were there remember. We saw Woodcock take two more counts from the

blacksmith arms of Baksi in that ghastly first round. We saw him dragged like a war casualty to his corner, there to be prodded and patted and patched into some semblance of recovery by his white-faced manager, Tom Hurst, and his so desperately anxious young brother, Billy Woodcock.

For three more one-sided rounds, nine minutes of calculated and strictly legitimate mayhem, the battered Woodcock stumbled and groped as an open target for the punches of Baksi, with little else but an instinct for survival to stem the tide of hooks, jabs and uppercuts that bludgeoned him.

One mystery

Woodcock's wits took no part whatever in those crushing second, third and fourth rounds, or in the frenzied repair work in the opinion of those of us trying not too successfully at the ringside to keep an impersonal eye on the massacre. If ever there were justification for honourable surrender or merciful closure, this was it.

After four rounds the fight was over—or should have been. In the opinion of those of us trying not too successfully at the ringside to keep an impersonal eye on the massacre, if ever there were justification for honourable surrender or merciful closure, this was it.

But the grim and bruising business continued until referee Deyong called Baksi off in round seven. How Woodcock survived till then, and even managed an occasional pathetic counter-punch, is a mystery that only pluck, blind instinct and the shock-absorbing qualities of the human frame can explain.

If only...

Quietly, almost reverently, they led the unseeing Woodcock away. Led him, eventually, to a hospital bed . . . to an operation on a fractured temporal bone above the jaw . . . to temporary blindness . . . to four months of darkness as bits of bone came perilously near to penetrating his left eye.

But, between the pain of Baksi and the despair of blindness, came seething self-anger. Holding an ice-pack to his injured eyes in a hotel bedroom that night, Woodcock strengthened up from the wash-basin, buried a pillow at the wall and gave vent to an enormous wrath.

"What a bloody fool! What a mug to let myself get caught like that," he stormed. "If only I could get back in there again right now. I'd lick him. I know I would."

But he never did.

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THE BLACK WILDCAT
Next Saturday, George Whiting tells of the demon fighter who toppled France's idol—Georges Carpentier.



Chartered Accountants To Meet

VERY TIGHTLY ORGANISED

By Charles Handley

THE spiritual descendants of Egibi of Babylon and Marashu and Sons of Nippur will flock to Edinburgh this October to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the first recognised Society of Chartered Accountants.

The few hundred who pay homage to their canny Scottish forbears will officially represent a few thousand behind-the-scenes men on whose integrity most of the world's business depends. They trace their trade back to the stalwart arms of Egibi and Marashu, employed to keep a wary eye on the business of the Chaldean and Babylonian empires 4,000 years before Christ.

Exalted Place

And, although Egibi and Marashu carved their figures painfully on stone block while their successors use electronic brains and lightning calculators, the basis of the business has changed in only one major respect over the years.

Chartered accountants are now as tightly organised as any aristocracy, while, only a scant hundred years ago, anyone could set himself up in the business.

Yet that one development is enough to draw men from New York, Wellington, Vancouver, Baghdad, Capetown, and Sydney, and all the points in between, to help celebrate.

It is that organisation which has lifted them to an exalted place on the social registers and a top spot on the income tables.

George Watson

And it is that organisation which has made it possible for almost any citizen anywhere to be sure that he can put his faith in a man who can call himself a Chartered Accountant.

In Scotland accountants were always closely associated with lawyers, and they were not slow to see the advantages of the lawyers' kind of organisation.

Scotland's first professional accountant (born in Edinburgh in 1645) was George Watson, who made so much money that he was able to form a large trust for the benefit of the capital. The fruits of his work are still enjoyed today by the boys of two famous schools.

His successors enjoyed the same prestige, but it wasn't until 1864 that they formed the first official society with a royal charter. Another was formed in Glasgow and received its charter from the Queen the next year.

From there on, it was a matter of organisation and extension. They got to England in 1870 and to Montreal in 1880. By 1904, they were established in Vancouver and at most points in between.

American organisation paralleled the Canadian spread, and now recognised bodies exist in New Zealand, Australia, Malta, Rhodesia, Portugal—and, in fact, almost everywhere you can think of.

SLEEP...the dentist says (very quietly)

By HUGH CLELAND

THE time may come when a date with the dentist will hold no more terrors for normal people than an appointment with a tailor or hairdresser. Relaxed in the comfortable seat provided, which most people at present regard about as equally as if it were an electric chair, the patient will do what his dentist tells him, and be so much at ease that the shining drill poised over him will seem as homely as a fireside lamp.

How is this comforting transformation to be brought about? By the use of hypnosis.

A group of dentists, members of the British Dental Association have formed the British Society of Dental Hypnotists, which itself now has 50-60 members. Thirty of those, mostly men in the London area, have already taken a three-week course in the use of hypnosis, and when their patients ask for it, have put into practice what they have learned.

"In theory," said the chairman of the society, a Wimpole Street dentist, "everyone is capable of being hypnotised deeply—that is, to the point of being anaesthetised."

"In fact, at the present time, about one-fifth of a dentist's patients probably would be capable of deep hypnosis, and two-fifths capable of medium hypnosis—being hypnotised to the point where they would feel nothing of drilling or the other discomforts of filling a tooth."

"The question is, how are we to increase the number of anaesthetic cases? There are two things to be done. Operators must be trained—we are doing this. Secondly, the public must be trained to regard hypnosis as the normal thing for normal people. If they believe they can be hypnotised, success will follow."

● **Afraid of having a tooth filled? Then ask for a spot of hypnosis, newest tool in the dentist's workshop.**

When the operation is over, the dentist, first telling his patient while he is still hypnotised, that he will feel no pain or discomfort, uses a formula such as: "When I count three . . . you will wake up." And the patient does. Who are the best subjects for hypnosis in the dentist's surgery? Children, by a long way. Ninety percent of the four-year to 14-year age group can be hypnotised deeply.

Of adults, Servicemen, used to obeying orders, are good, and of others, normally intelligent people are the best. Those who are weak-willed or incapable of concentration are difficult to hypnotise, and no one can be hypnotised against his or her will.

The chairman himself never invites people to be hypnotised. He lets the suggestion come from the patient. Not many people as yet do make the suggestion. Few know about the work the group have been doing. To spread the knowledge, the chairman goes soon to Somerset, Merseyside and Edinburgh, to talk to dentists. The society hopes there will be intensive week-end courses in the application of hypnosis to dentistry all over the provinces and an annual conference in London.

"We have two enemies," wrote the chairman, recently, in a letter to a professional journal. "They are over-enthusiastic advocates, and blindly prejudiced sceptics."

The society, "strictly a professional body," will no doubt be able to keep the first in their place; society as a whole may one day confound the others.

FOOTNOTE: In the years 1888-1890, several thousand people in Hull had teeth extracted under the hypnosis of a Dr Bramwell, who was rarely present during the operation. He sent patients their "orders" by letters which were read out to them to produce deep hypnosis.

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AN INVITATION TO MONTEVIDEO

From SYDNEY SMITH

Paris. UNESCO is used to being financially neglected by its members. But since Stalin's death Russia has shown increasing interest in its educational work.

The Russian Embassy in London has asked the British Foreign Office for details of UNESCO's programme. So Russia is to be invited to the autumn conference in Montevideo.

This raises two awkward problems for the Unesco

Executive Board, which is already considering how to make up defaults in members' payments.

If Moscow accepts the Montevideo invitation, will the chief non-payers, Iron Curtain countries, pay up? And how can Russia be invited when all American staff on Unesco state on forms that they are not Communists?

These are only two problems in the 214-day Executive Board. But they are used

to confusion in Paris's Hotel Majestic where they are at work this month.

When I asked a Unesco official for some budget figures I was told: "The man I have to phone is a Chinese, and I usually find him difficult to understand."

Chief nightmare is that while Unesco's expenses go up, its income is dropping. For 1953, the Board faces the biggest list of defaulting members yet—21 members out of 27 owe \$1,731,000.

Some of these members, like Poland and Ceylon Kai-shek's Formosa, have not paid for more than five years. The list of defaulters runs round the world.

But Britain and America, the two highest payers, do not owe a cent.

The Executive Board can do nothing about these defaulting members. Said a Unesco: "A member cannot be dismissed under our constitution. Even those who never attend do pay just as on being members. So in our budget we assume that some defaulters will not pay anyway."

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY of a book certain
to sweep to startling success...

'Getting to grips' with DOUGLAS BADER

by Paul Brickhill

AT the end of the research on my book *Reach for the Sky*, (Collins), Group Captain Bader said unceasingly that he was feeling "too ruddy naked." Between periods of charm he growled often—but this time with reason, because the book was an experiment and he was the guinea-pig. For eight months I had used a recording machine on him, and he had talked frankly without trying to glorify himself.

The project was launched over dinner at the Belfry Club in 1951. Bader and I had both flown Spitfires and Hurricanes in the war and had both baled out, to spend years in German prison camps.

We both used rude language and dialled pompous officials, and with that much in common Bader suggested over cigars that I might not make too abominable a mess of his story.

I took over all his writings, about 100,000 words in which he had recorded the momentous things that had happened to him. Also his flying log-book, combat reports, and over 2,000 letters, clippings, photographs, and mementos.

To put meat on these solid bones he submitted to over 128 hour sessions with the recording machine, an exhausting process but seldom dull because Douglas Bader is an unpredictable mixture of public school and uninhibited pirate.

Mostly we met at night in his flat, myself in armchair, beer in one hand, microphone in the other, Douglas opposite on the sofa, puffing a cigar and persistently trying to cross his legs that will cross easily, and Thelma, his wife, sewing in another chair, unobtrusive and an unruffled and effective referee when needed.

Disconcerting

THERE was no gradual revelation of Bader's personality because it hits you like a bolting stream-roller first time you meet him, a glowing, dominating charm that can change to disconcerting brusqueness.

At first I was uncertain how to act towards a man with no legs—did one refer to them casually or not at all? Douglas settled the point the first time we sat down to dinner. "Just a minute while I fiddle these ruddy legs under the table." He grabbed his right thigh, dropped his leg with a thump in the right spot and relaxed as though it was the most natural thing in the world.

Later at home he dispensed with his trousers and, about as self-conscious as a new-born baby, gave a demonstration, feet creaking as he thumped up and down the room with shirt tails flapping over the yellow painted rivet-studded legs. (This, incidentally, he does not do as a party trick.)

I never realised before how essential ankles are. Try walking with rigid ankles and I'll bet you won't move one pace. Having no ankles, Douglas showed how he has to lean forward after each step over the outstretched leg until he overbalances on to it.

Watch him do it and you won't notice—he has it down to a natural art.

Didn't mind

BACK in 1921, the week he crashed, Bader was to have been chosen to play Rugby for England—the peak of his ambition. He was fascinated, callously, at the piddling occurred to me, thought of writing the book when with Douglas, that he



AT WORK... AT PLAY

Douglas Bader holds a leg into his Spitfire... a wartime picture. And demonstrates a golfer's determination—and championship technique (right).

ings of an athlete who wakes up in hospital to find both his legs cut off.

My hopes were felled. He said: "My dear chap, I didn't mind a bit."

He persisted with that line until I thought he was being blockheaded—and more or less said so.

He said: "My dear chap, would you kindly get it into your unbelievably thick skull that I know what happened, and you don't. And I'm telling you what happened. I do not happen to be a liar."

Patience is helpful with Douglas. Next night I probed again and the result was the same, but more vehement. It was some time before I really absorbed the fact that waking up in hospital to find he was legless simply did not upset him.

A jigsaw

I KNOW that sounds unbelievable but it is true, and the reason is that he is a rare freak with enough guts to recognise tragedy that cannot be altered, to accept it without tears or wishful thinking, and carry on from there to endure it or overcome it.

For a brief while I thought he was insensitive until one night he began quoting pages of Swinburne with obvious pleasure and understanding, then switched to other poets.

I thought that only happened in books. I re-read the stanzas afterwards and they all had a cynical tang to them.

Another time, he said: "You know, the months in hospital after I lost my legs were among the happiest in my life."

I knew he really meant it but remembered that in hospital he had been surrounded by warm affection. The jigsaw of a very complex character was fitting together.

After a few weeks I was fascinated, callously, at the piddling occurred to me, thought of writing the book when with Douglas, that he

had no legs. Later I realised how seldom he himself can forget. That was in 1952 when I spoiled his annual holiday by going down with him and Thelma to Cornwall together with the hated recording machine.

In a lull from recording we went out to play golf. Unlike a normal man, Douglas, the iron man, usually plays two rounds a day. This time, after the morning round, he suggested we work instead in the afternoon.

I said firmly: "You're getting soft, chum." And only later discovered there was a dent in the socket of his right leg. When he took the leg off a great patch of skin had been rubbed raw and all round the top of the thigh ran circular weal.

He got busy on the phone and next morning a spare leg arrived on the train in his cricket bag. He taped the raw patch over, and that afternoon we went out on the links again because he will never let the legs beat him.

Fell once

WHEN he first got the legs he fell over 20 or 30 times a day, but in 12 months, constantly with him, I saw him fall only once—and that was when he tripped over my golf bag.

Sometimes in the mornings in Cornwall I kept cave for him when he bound out on rump and hands across the corridor into the bathroom.

That was the only service he ever asked, and that was only because he couldn't be bothered to strap the legs on to walk a few feet to take them off again to get into the bath (where, by the way, he shaves as he sits with a mirror on a little platform).

From the floor he hoisted himself into the bath with arms developed enough to make a gorilla.

After a few weeks I was fascinated, callously, at the piddling occurred to me, thought of writing the book when with Douglas, that he



THE AUTHOR

never met before once asked me what was the hardest thing to do without legs. I told her it was drying me stern while sitting on a stool after a bath. She was speechless—first time in years, they told me.

He never played golf till he lost both legs, and he got down to a handicap of four. That is championship standard and is reached by about one two-legged golfer in a hundred.

One night when the research was over I noticed in his wardrobe his R.A.F. tunic bearing a couple of unusual ribbons that I recognised as well as the doubled D.S.O. and double D.F.C. Surprised, I asked: "What have you got the Legion of Honour and Croix de Guerre up for?"

Hair-raising

"WELL," he said, "it'd be a bit ruddy rude to the French if I didn't—and would say no more about either decoration, except that the French Ambassador had kissed him on both cheeks when they were presented."

I found out elsewhere that they were awarded for his fighting over Dunkirk and France in 1940-1.

Concerning his remarkable Hurricane and Spitfire days, he was bluntly objective to the point of insisting that his eventual hair-raising downfall into German hands was his own fault in a rash moment of bravado flying brazenly in front of a Messerschmitt (it was the same bravado that cost him his legs ten years earlier).

After eight months I had over 2,000,000 words—enough to write a long book of 140,000 words with the colour and intimate detail that is normally found only in a novel. That was the object of the experiment, but neither Douglas nor I would go through it again. He bore the ceaseless probing into private thoughts with

NO author has swept to the forefront in the post-war years more quickly and assuredly than Paul Brickhill. Like Douglas Bader, subject of his latest book, this Australian-Journalist flew against the Luftwaffe and was shot down. In prison camp he collected the raw material for his first book, *Escape to Danger*. Later followed *The Great Escape*—and the stirring *Dam Busters*. Brickhill is a writer who captured the spirit of wartime life. Now, in his thirties, he travels the world. His talents ensure his income.

markable patience. So did I. Real explosions were rare.

Once when I thought he had been intolerably rude I wrote him a long letter from abroad, where I was finishing the manuscript, and shortly before he was to fly over to see me.

On arrival he looked innocent, and said blandly he had received no letter—putting me in the embarrassing position of having to argue many complicated, awkward things face to face with a buccaneering jugernaut.

I handed him a carbon copy which I had by me with crafty foresight, and which he seemed to read and understand with a perfunctory glance.

After some fairly impassioned dialogue he apologized with great charm, and we were put playing golf next morning with the old amiability.

All square

NEXT time there was a con-tortrip it was my turn to be bluntly outspoken, and I got a letter back saying he was delighted I was so unbelievably offensive, because now that made us all square. Once more all was forgotten.

Douglas and I are still very good friends, and I think we would both give much credit to Thelma who nipped budding clashes with a tolerant "Now, now, you two," and impartial tact. She was the luckiest break-Douglas ever had. (London Express Service.)

LET ME INTRODUCE THE FRENCH FASHION IN MIXED DRINKS

The Entente Cocktail —or When Is Rain?

By RENE MacCOLL

ANY lingering doubts I may have harboured concerning the free-wheeling approach of the French to the subject of cocktails have been dispelled by a new book on the subject, by two Gallic enthusiasts, which I have just read.

Not since I first read "Dracula" as an impressionable lad of 12 have I found myself in the grip of so eerie a work. I longed to put it down but was compelled to read on, driven by I know not what macabre fascination.

Consider, if you can bring yourself to the Stout Cocktail. The ingredients: Two dashes of orange bitters on half a lump of sugar. Three dashes of Cointreau. Complete by gently pouring in a "fresh" glass of English stout. Add a sliver of orange rind and serve.

Handles, please

AND how about astonishing your guests some time with a Blue Blazer? Here's the way it goes: "Use two silver goblets, fortified with handles. In the one place a glassful of whisky; in the other boiling water and powdered sugar. Heat the whisky until it bursts into flames—then empty it into the warm water. Transfer several times from goblet to goblet,

performing the operation from a height" (ie showmanship). "Add a slice of of lemon before serving."

Then there is the Blood Hound—"a dash of strawberry syrup, three ripe strawberries, one-third of a glass of Vermouth, two-thirds of a glass of gin." Feed me one of those and I am liable to start baying like a bloodhound myself.

And lemon...

OUR audacious French experts, not content with such unlikely prescriptions, venture misguidedly into the field of Anglo-Saxon titles with which to embellish them.

One such potion, consisting of one-third bitter Campari and two-thirds Bourbon whisky, is originally entitled "When Is Rain?" (When is rain? Do you know?)

Gin Crusta: "Garnish a cocktail glass with half the rind of a lemon (spiralled), two white-heart cherries, and a little collar of hoar frost."

"Add juice of half a lemon, bitters, dash of Maraschino, dash of Curacao, and glass of English gin. One may complete with either soda water or champagne" (depending, presumably, on the solvency of the man buying the round).

"But"—the snob touch—"In the event of champagne being chosen, one should serve in a tumbler, ornamented by a whole rind of (spiralled) lemon."

These Frenchmen being what they are, we encounter not one but two drinks entitled "Fousse

"l'Amour" (loose translation: "Love Impeller"). Here is the No. 2 version: one-third cream of moka coffee; one-third cream of hazel nuts; one-third Calvados. And, it is added—"boire d'un trait," meaning "knock it back in one."

In Sam's Bar

WELL, now, 'ere we are in to tres chic—presque cad—bar du cocktail. Et des called Sam's Bar. Et voilà—Sam 'erself seen possession, ready to serve 'ere an docteeingushed and cosmopolite clientele.

Paul 'ere comes to Marquis do Toulouse-Bilteck et Madame la Marquise.

Madame la Marquise: Morning, Sam. Give me a When Is Rain—and don't spare the bitter Campari.

Sam: And for Monsieur la Marquis?

Madame (with a slightly contemptuous glance at her husband, who is looking all of his age today): For him? A Blood Hound.

Enter two British tourists, a man and a woman.

Sam (looking up from his oranges and lemon rind and cherries): Bravo! A Blue Blazer, yes please?

British husband: Well—I'll...

(But Sam has already started.) Oh, I say, dear, look. The fellow is using two silver goblets fortified with handles. Why do we never seem to get this sort of thing back in Streatham?

As curtain slowly descends British husband is surreptitiously substituting his Blue Blazer for the When Is Rain of the marquise. Not that it will help much.

(London Express Service)

THE GLAMOROUS JEAN FIGHTS BY HER JOE

From Evelyn Irons

New York. WHILE Senator McCarthy has been blustering his way through his big battle with the U.S. Army, his 29-year-old wife, Jean, has — to her furious disappointment—been out of the fray.

She has had to stay in a New York hospital because her ankle was broken in three places when a motorist, since fined for drunken driving, crashed into a taxi in which the McCarthys were travelling in a Manhattan street. The indestructible Senator was merely bumped on the forehead.

First she made light of her injuries but finally was sent to hospital protesting violently at missing one of the most exciting fights of her fighting Joe's hot war on Communism within the State.

Glamorous, auburn-haired Mrs McCarthy is as tall as her burly husband, and just as aggressive. Their courtship was the stormiest clash of temperaments ever seen in dignified Washington, with flaring rows and arguments punctuating the romance.

Beauty Queen

"Terrible Joe" McCarthy, however, has described his bride as "the prettiest and brattiest girl" he ever knew.

Jean Fraser Kerr, as her name implies, is a daughter of a Scot—William Patrick Kerr, a builder who emigrated from Glasgow early this century. Like many another Scottish expatriate he did reasonably well and built

himself a small home in Washington. His only daughter went to George Washington University and finally graduated in Journalism at North Western University in Illinois.

It was there she was elected beauty queen of the campus in 1948. As many American and Scottish students do, Jeannie worked her way through college. She chose an advertising agency job and wrote radio scripts. But she dreamed of getting right into the heart of Washington's hottest controversies, which at that time were concerned with probing bribery scandals.

She first met McCarthy when, in search of inside information, she visited a friend who was his secretary.

The moment the Senator sighted her, he commanded: "Hire that girl. Give her a job in my office."

Hard To Get

But Jeannie, perhaps correctly estimating McCarthy's appreciation of something hard to get, was coyly from the start.

She declined his offer and took a job with another man, now Deputy Attorney-General William Rogers, who was counsel to the probing committee.

McCarthy, a member of this same committee, would not brook this nonsense. He persisted. Finally he got the girl—as his assistant clerk.

Forthwith Senator and assistant clerk began to be seen around together after office hours.

It was said that Jeannie was the only person with sufficient power over the rampaging Senator to modify the terrible language he sometimes used in his speeches.

The engagement solidified its tempestuous course. During a

calm spell, Jeannie, who was brought up a Scottish Presbyterian, yielded sufficiently to have a priest instruct her in the McCarthys' Roman Catholic faith, which she eventually adopted.

The McCarthys have just moved into their first real home after spending months in a three-roomed, furnished apartment. Even now it is not their own house, but a portion of the house of Jeannie's mother, Mrs Elizabeth Kerr, on Capitol Hill.

Rarely Seen

In some respects marriage has tamed turbulent Jeannie. She often reads aloud to her husband when he comes home tired. Women friends who formerly hesitated to discuss anything but politics with her now find she chats about curlews, chim and cooking like any other young bride.

Joe is a far better cook than she—his speciality is chopped veal soup wrapped in white leaves—but Jeannie is learning cooking. Senators praise her Irish stew.

The McCarthys are rarely seen at Washington cocktail or dinner parties. They prefer to dine quietly with friends.

Jeannie uses the minimum of make-up—just powder and lipstick. She wears casual, tailored day clothes but likes to dress up for occasional evening parties and has a weakness for lace.

Joe is a keen sportsman, and likes shooting at game as well as army generals, and although Jeannie has never previously shown sporting tastes she has been on a shooting trip with him and even watches baseball and prizefights on TV.

But for both, McCarthy and his wife the favourite relaxation is—just talking.

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

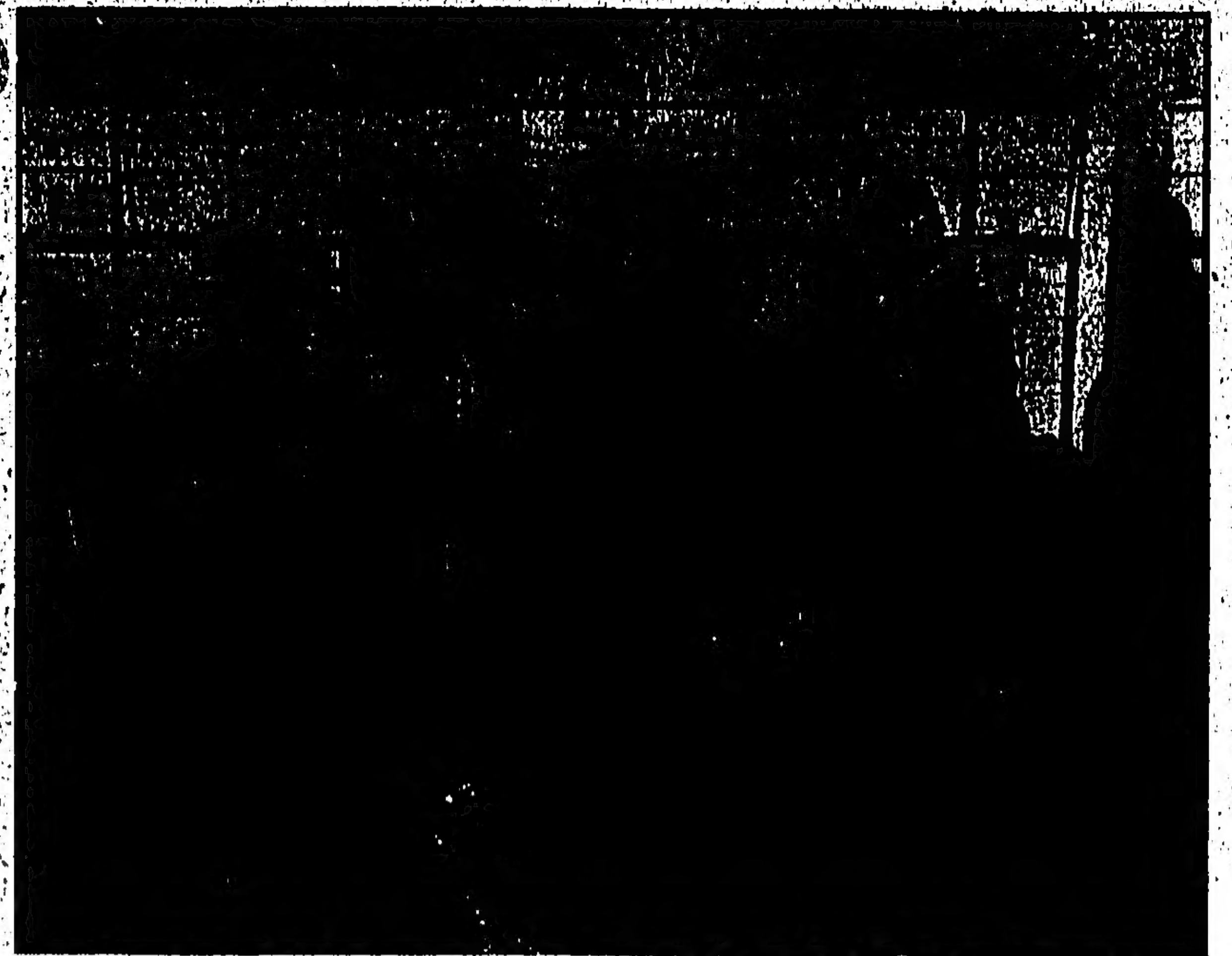
...this situation calls for a
San Miguel



A very successful street drive was held last Saturday in aid of the Hongkong Family Welfare Association. Mr Joe Edgar is caught by the camera buying a flag from one of the many schoolchildren who helped in the drive. (Staff Photographer)



LEAVING St. John's Cathedral after their wedding last Saturday: Mr Phillip Peters and his bride, formerly Miss Joan Murdoch. Mr Peters is Third Secretary in the Department of External Affairs, Canberra. (Staff Photographer)



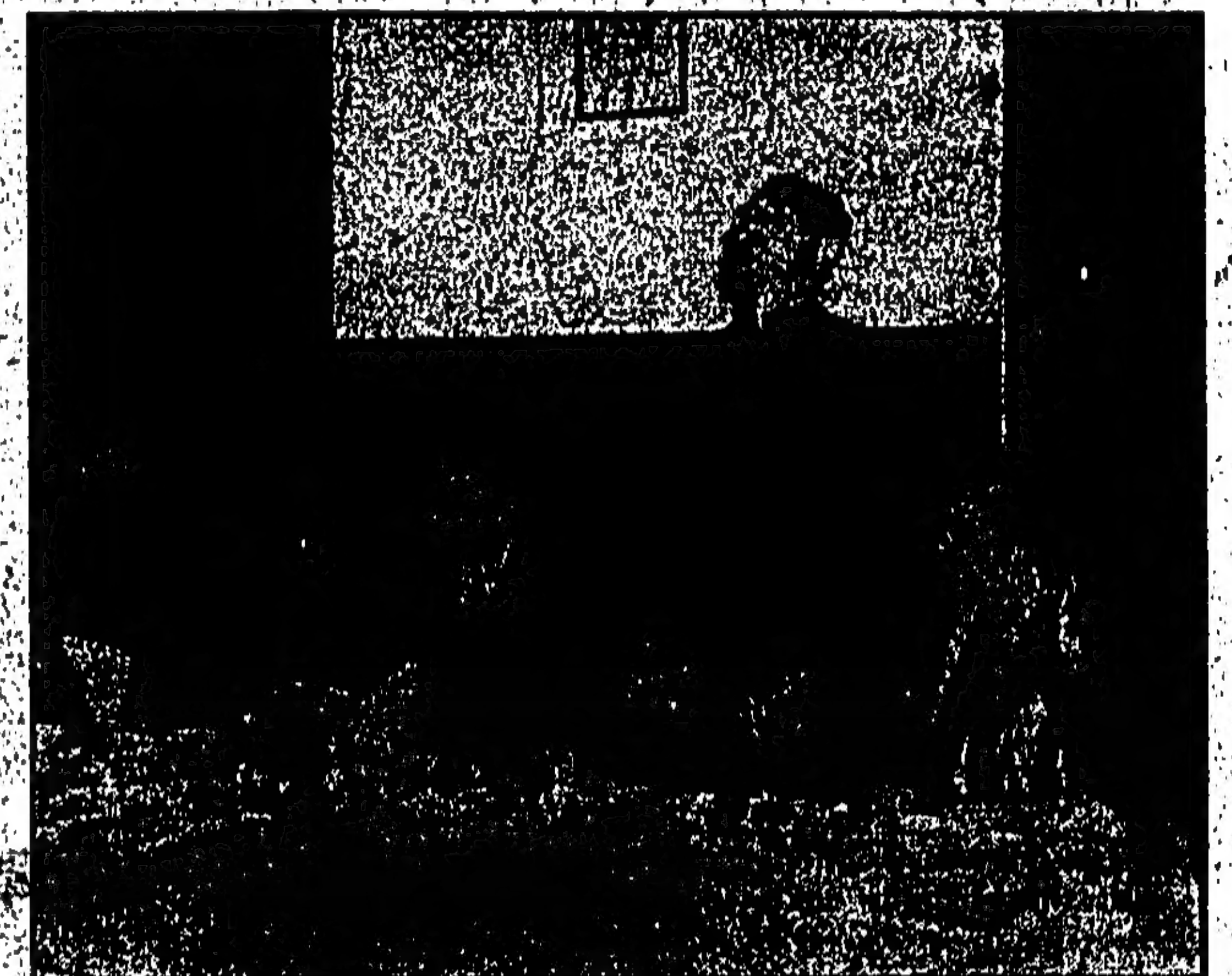
HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, watching the strength of a concrete block being tested at the Port Works Depot. It was one of the places he visited last week in the course of a busy tour of major public projects. (Staff Photographer)



A nurse presents a bouquet of flowers to Mrs R. R. Todd, wife of the Secretary for Chinese Affairs, after the official opening last week of the new Kwong Wah Infirmary. Mr Fung Hon-chu, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Tung Wah Group, is on the left. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs F. E. Lawrence (second and third from left in front row) were voted by members of the Kowloon Cricket Club last Saturday. They left this week on retirement. Mr E. Abraham (extreme left), President of the Club, presented them with a farewell gift. (Staff Photographer)



THE Very Rev. James F. Smith, Regional Superior of the Maryknoll Mission in Hongkong, speaking at a dinner of the St Thomas More Association held at the Catholic Club. (Staff Photographer)



STEPHEN XAVIER (second from left) winning the 100 metres dash at last Sunday's Colony athletic championships, held at Caroline Hill. In the left-hand picture below are G. S. Kennedy-Skipton and diminutive Fok Wing-sheung, who were awarded the Sir Gerard Howe and Lady Howe Cups on being named Athletes of the Year. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr Fung Ping-tan, Commissioner of the St John Ambulance Brigade, speaking at a dinner party given in his honour at Brigade Headquarters last week. (Mayfair)

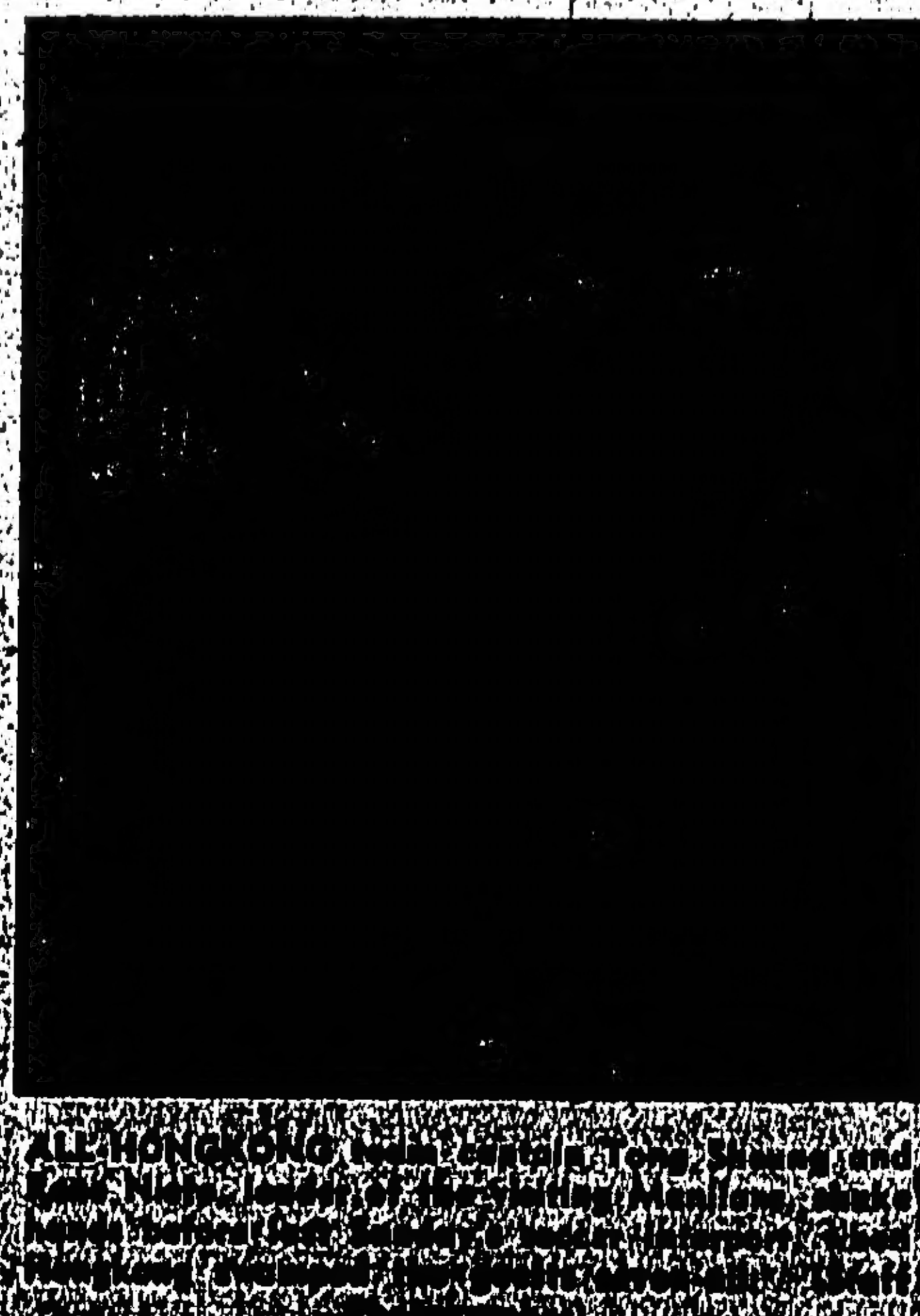
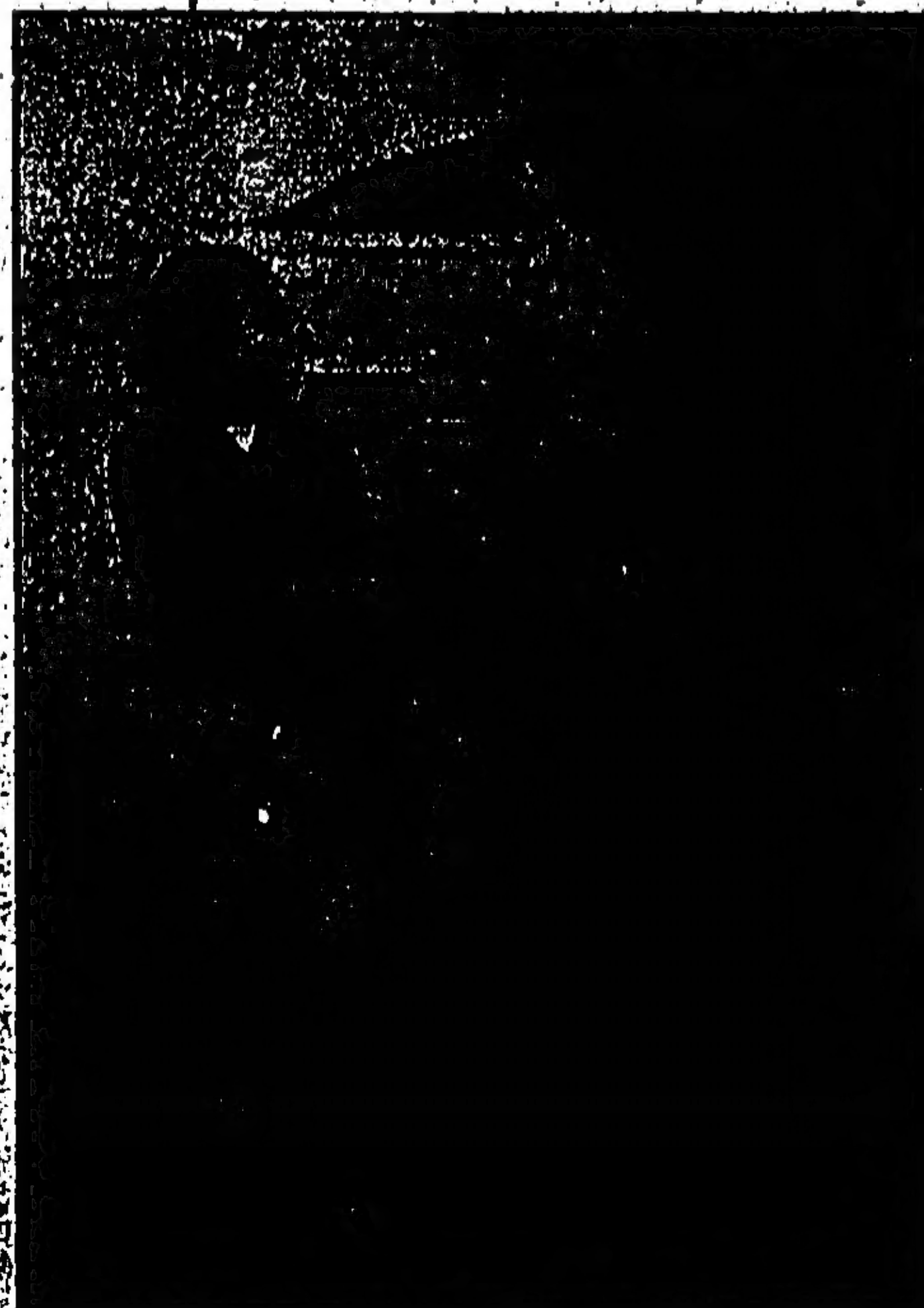


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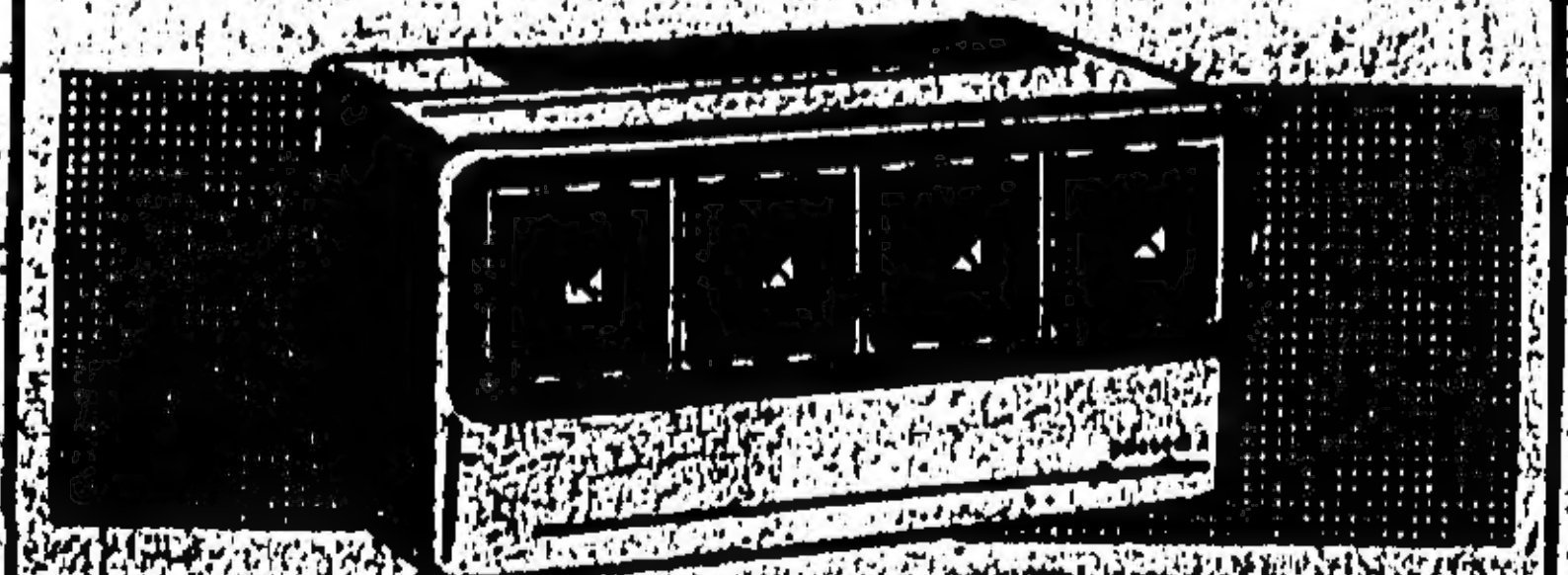
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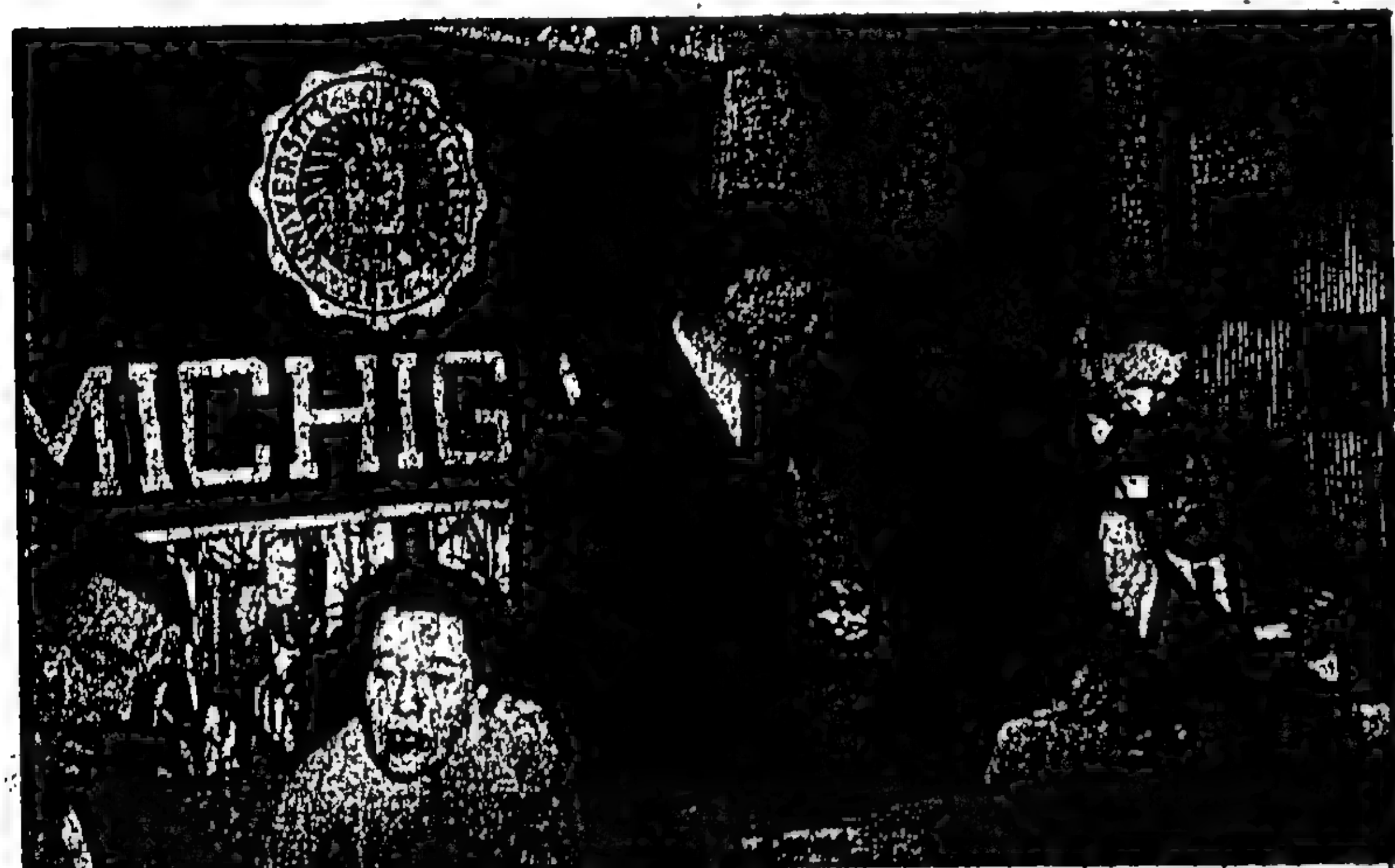


MR Philip Au and Dr Raymond Lee, who were returned to the Urban Council at this week's election, receive congratulations on their victory from their fellow Councillors from the Reform Club. From left: Mr Brook Bernacchi, Mr Au, Dr Lee and Mr P. C. Woo. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture of students in residence at Lady Ho Tung Hall, Hongkong University, which has reached its third anniversary. Mrs Gordon King is the Warden, and the Chairman is Miss S. Y. Wan. (Ming Yuen)

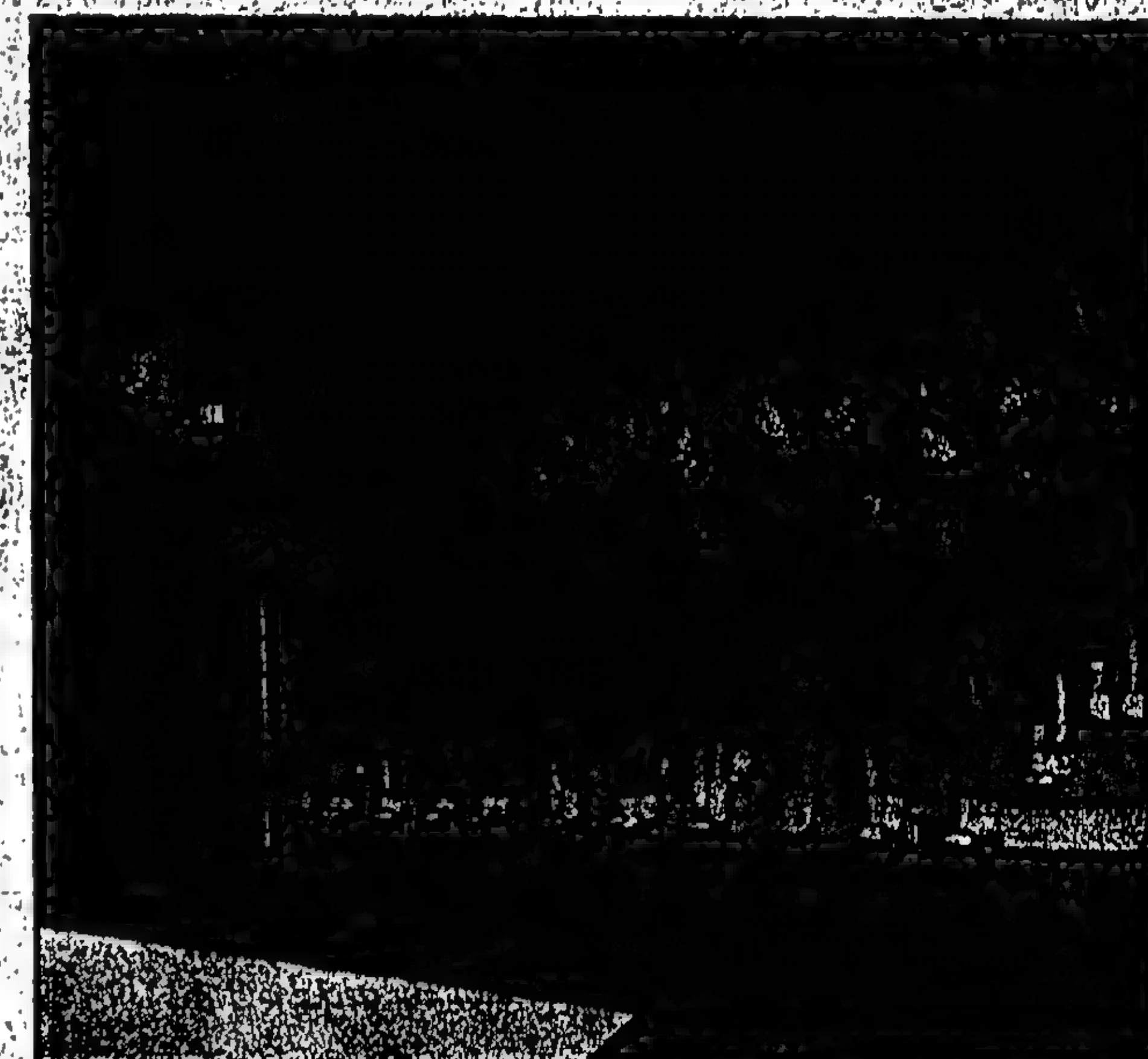
RIGHT: At last Sunday's christening at the Union Church of Deborah Vanessa, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs D. C. Readman. (Ming Yuen)



MRS Marian Hughes cuts the birthday cake at the party held by the University of Michigan Club of Hongkong to celebrate the 137th anniversary of their alma mater. Mr Vincent Lao, the Club President, is in centre. (Staff Photographer)

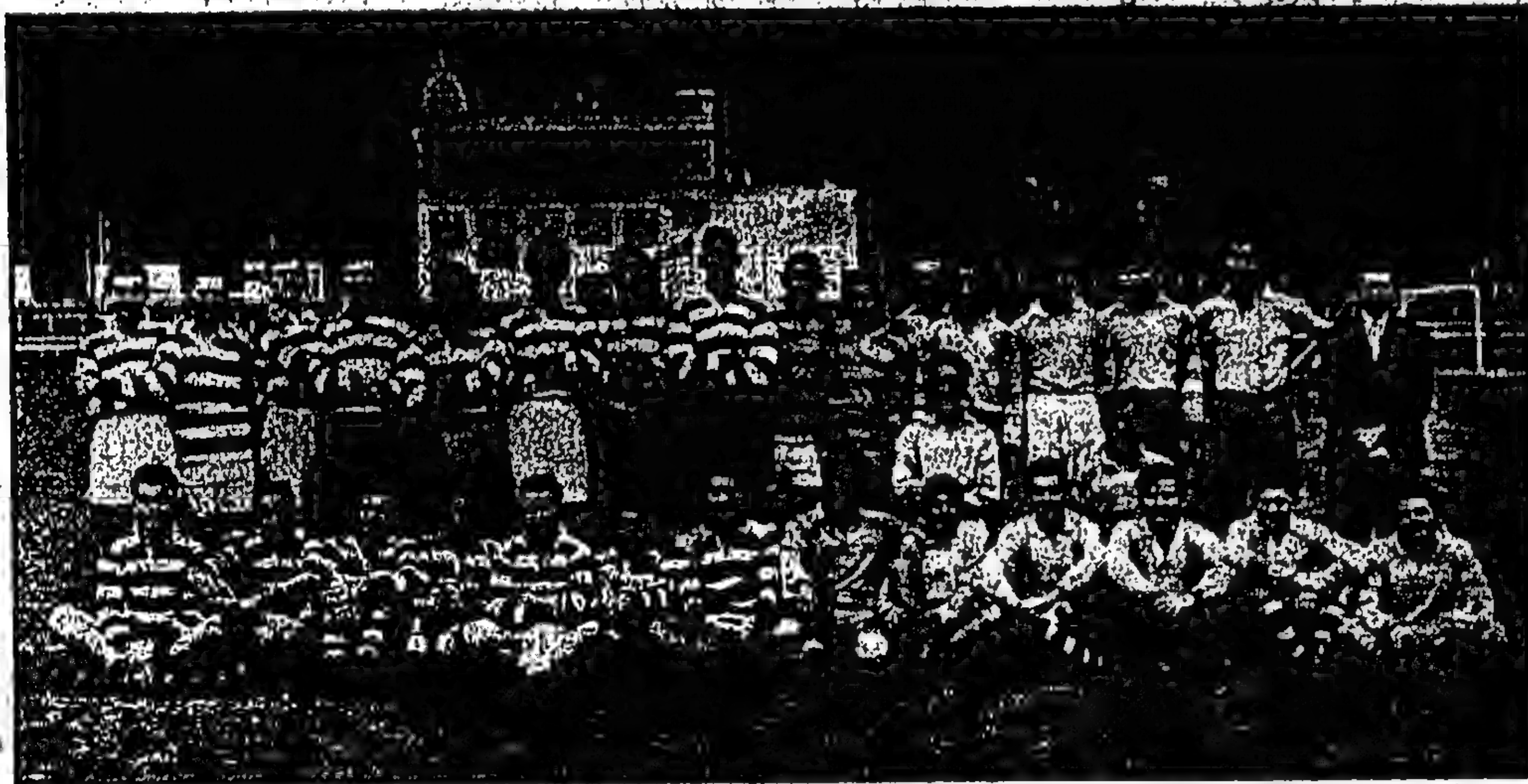


FRIENDS of Captain and Mrs W. Bosworth of the baptism of their son, Stephen John, at St Andrew's Church last Sunday. (Mainland)



RIGHT: Professor Chao Mei-pa conducting the Ying Wah Girls' School Choir, which won two trophies for junior girls' choir at the Schools Music Festival. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: King George V present students and old boys who met in a friendly rugby match last Sunday at Happy Valley. The old boys won comfortably. (Staff Photographer)



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AT the Colony inter-schools athletic championships held at Caine Hill last week, a number of remarkable performances were recorded. Top left: CH. Ming (H. K. T. S.) won the 100 yds. event. Lower left: TEO 200 metres. A. K. (H. K. T. S.) won the 100 yds. event. Right: CH. Ming (H. K. T. S.) won the 100 yds. event. (Staff Photographer)

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*** PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT ***

IT'S DANGEROUS TO MEDDLE WITH WARTS AND MOLES

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

WARTS and moles are mainly nuisances. But life's little irritations can be pretty poisonous, and there is no use enduring them if they can be avoided. And, just once in a while, a minor annoyance can become a major menace.

Warts are lumpy and horny growths of the skin. They used to be divided into ordinary warts and contagious warts, but it is now generally agreed that all warts are contagious. There are still two main kinds. One is the common type seen frequently on the fingers of young people,

often growing in clusters, and then disappearing for no apparent reason.

MISCONCEPTION

Warts have always attracted superstition and folklore. They were commonly attributed to handling toads, which are ugly and warty, but are no more the cause of warts than the carriers of diamonds in their heads, another popular misconception. Warts are due to a virus which is not a very virulent (forceful) agent,

since most of us escape the infection, and those who get warts recover spontaneously in many instances. This spontaneous recovery is what has given rise to the numerous "cures" for warts—tying a knot in a piece of string for each wart and then burning or otherwise disposing of the string; rubbing the warts with a penny and then throwing this away at a country crossroads; touching the wart with a stone gathered in a graveyard in the dark

of the moon. Don't laugh! Readers of this column could probably furnish dozens of wart "cures," including the power of suggestion. They seem to work, too, quite often. Why? Because the warts were about to go away, of themselves anyway.

SEE YOUR DOCTOR

Ordinary warts are easily removable by the physician, who may use one of a number of caustic drugs. Home removal is not advisable because of the danger of infection.

There is another type of wart which is small, flat and smooth, but tends to spread. It is usually found on the hands. It is not readily communicated to another individual, but spreads widely on the skin of the infected person, unless checked. This type of wart must be removed, usually by electric spark treatment, which is painful, especially if the warts are situated near the nail borders, as is often the case. Treatment often has to be repeated many times over a period of years, since new crops tend to appear after all have apparently been removed.

Moles occur in almost every skin. For the most part they are unimportant, unless they are so located and of such size that they mar the appearance. Ordinarily they should be left alone. Home removal should never be attempted; any treatment desired should be at the hands of a physician. Moles on the feet require prompt medical attention.

COULD BE CANCEROUS

Moles with hair growing out of them often become a temptation to amateur meddling, such as plucking the hair. Don't do it! Such stimulation may cause the pigmented cells to grow and become cancerous. Either let the mole alone or have a physician remove it surgically.

The ordinary brown moles which dot the skin are harmless if not ornamental. They, too, should be left alone, unless they are so located as to be unsightly or become irritated. A mole in the male beard area, subject to constant shaving, or one located where it is rubbed by a shirt collar, should be removed if the physician so advises. In women, scarves or other garments may cause a mole to be irritated; in such instances removal may be advised by the physician.

Whenever any mole, especially a black hairless mole, becomes sore or inflamed, or when such a mole begins to change in size or appearance, medical advice should be sought at once. Some such moles may be sources of fast growing, highly malignant and quick spreading cancer cells. Immediate and complete removal, and such other treatment as the physician may advise are required promptly. As to other moles—you can relax.

Household Hints

Transparent tape is a sewing aid. If pattern instructions call for gluing the material when you insert a pocket or put in a raglan-type sleeve, tape the area to be slashed. Cut through the tape, stitch, then remove. This way, the fabrics won't fray.

Remove the transparent cover from a lamp shade before using it. The material has a tendency to shrink with heat from the light bulb and will warp the shade. The cover also reduces the amount of light.

Protect delicate curtains in a washing machine by basing them into muslin bags.





SUEZ SCENE

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian.

He now begins to explain away what you'd think he might have known before . . .

LONDON. I HAVE a confession to make—but it is nothing on the scale of the confession Lord Beaveridge has just admitted to.

Mine is that in the 'twenties I was a student at the London School of Economics, cosy nursery of many a Socialist planner.

It was a time of rapid change in the value of money. And to me money was of unusual importance. I was treasurer of the Students' Union. We depended for solvency on extracting a share of the fees from the school authorities, headed by Sir William Beveridge (as he then was).

At dinner parties and on other occasions this money question was discussed.

And Sir William, talking from a fund of experience that went back to the early years of the century, would emphasise the importance to the community of money that kept its value reasonably well from year to year.

For his pet subject was the well-being of the defenceless sections of the community—the unemployed, the disabled, the sick, the old, the widows, the children.

To them a fall in the value of money—reflected in rising prices in the shops—could often spell disaster.

'IF ONLY'—

ALAS, alas, apparently Lord Beveridge has now forgotten the theories he used to stress so vividly.

For now he goes on record with an astonishing list of "if only's"—the Big Might-Have-Beens of Money.

Britain's great scheme of Social Security, based on his famous report of 1942, would not now be in such a financial mess—

IF ONLY full employment had been accompanied by new methods of wage bargaining which would have checked the vicious spiral of rising prices. IF ONLY World War II had not been succeeded by a cold war which, by diverting productive effort and causing high taxation, has curtailed a rise in living standards.

IF ONLY retirement pensions had been financed, as he suggested, mainly from contributions and not out of the taxpayers' pockets.

In other words Beveridge now admits that the biggest single factor preventing the achievement of Social Security was one that he did not take sufficiently into account in his plan—MEAN THE RISK OF SHARPLY RISING PRICES.

It is true that here and there in his report he comments on the difficulty of forecasting future prices.

But nowhere will you find a full-strength alert that a sharply rising cost of living could by itself upset the whole scheme and leave what Beveridge called "The Giant Want" still rampaging round the country.

I suspect that in confessing his error 12 years later Beveridge is seeking to cushion the big shock that is coming to us all.

A PROBE

FOR I can tell you now that at the end of this month the Government Actuary is due to start his first full probe into the finances of Social Security. And what he reveals is not going to be to the liking of any of us.

Beveridge calculated that in the first year of his scheme the cost to the taxpayer would be £26,000,000, with the rest of the bill met out of the State Insurance stamps.

BEVERIDGE CUSHIONS THE COMING SHOCK

by Bernard Harris

But now even he warns us that the extra cost of merely restoring the scheme to its original idea—a guarantee of "subsistence" for all in need—WILL BE ANYTHING FROM £100 MILLION TO £150 MILLION A YEAR IMMEDIATELY.

Even allowing for the differences between his original proposals and the plan put into operation by the Socialists in 1948, the miscalculation is terrific. Beveridge is shown to have been millions and millions out. Such miscalculation ill fits the halo of 12 years ago.

For in 1942 Beveridge was the hero in miff. "I became at a blow," he recalls, "one of the best-known characters in the country."

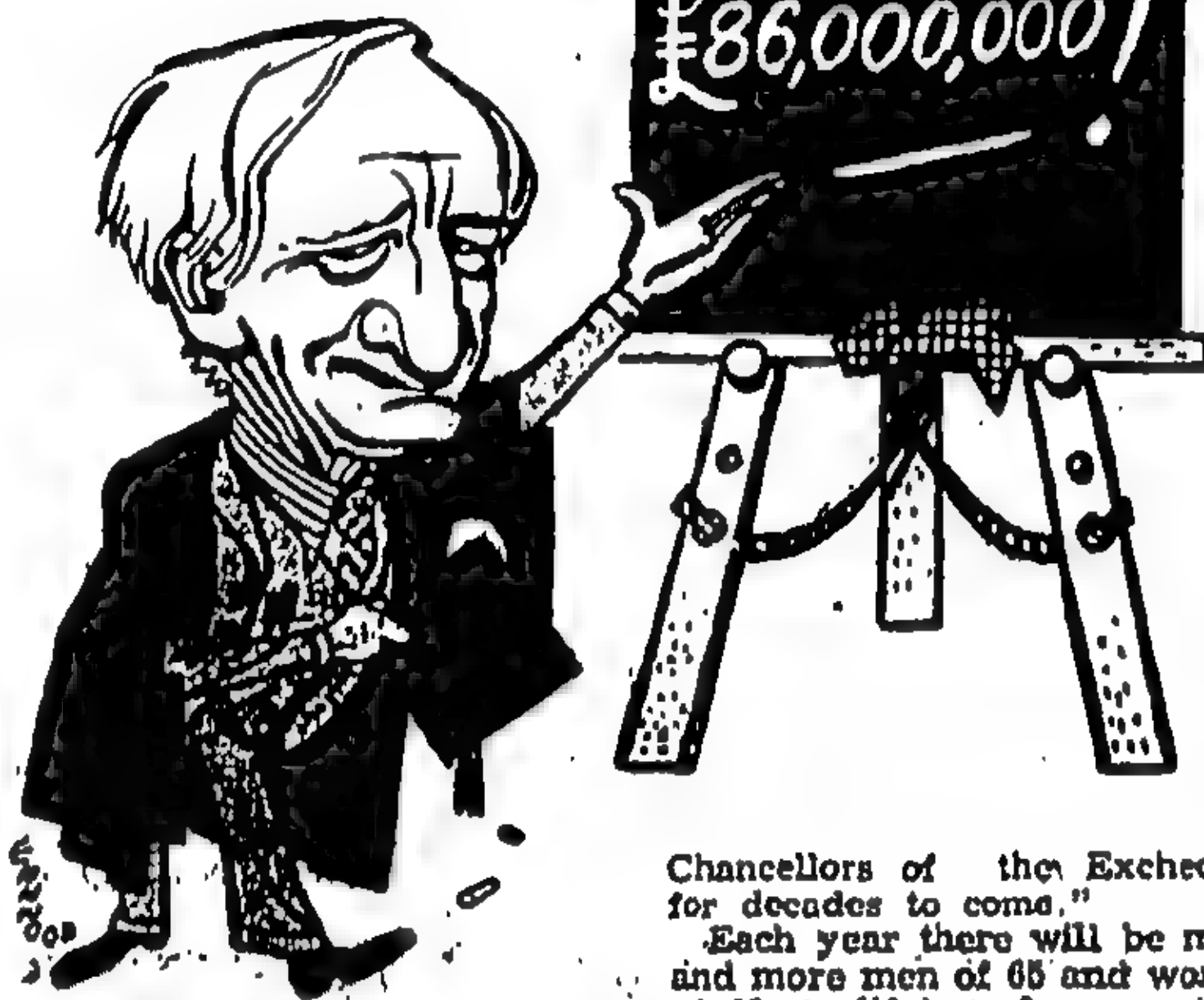
INADEQUATE

HE has lately indeed written about "one of the pleasantest features" of the Beveridge boom—

"More than once I caught young women surreptitiously sketching me as they sat opposite me in the train between Oxford and Paddington; if I liked the looks of the young women, as I generally did, I asked to be shown the result and autographed it for her."

What has a man who appears to be so conscious of himself to say now about the vast piece of bookkeeping that developed out of his original blueprint? He admits that "the foundation of Social Security—what he calls the "subsistence principle"—has been undermined."

Despite an increase in the benefits paid to the workers, the disabled, and the pensioners do not now provide the bare necessities of life. They do not guarantee "subsistence." There is hardship in many homes.



Chancellors of the Exchequer for decades to come."

Each year there will be more and more men of 65 and women of 60 qualifying for a retirement pension. And each year there will be a bigger drain on the taxpayers' pocket. In 1977 there will be £417 million to find—even more if benefits are raised.

What is to be done about it all?

The Government will wait for the full depressing facts and figures which will be revealed in the Actuary's report. Then it will have many grave decisions to make.

Are benefits to be raised to restore the Beveridge principle of freedom from want?

• If contributions go up, how are they to be shared? A return to genuine "subsistence" benefits would mean raising the worker's weekly contribution to at least 9s.

• How much extra can employers afford to pay? Their contribution adds to production costs, and British goods are already being priced out of some export markets.

• Should the cost of the scheme be cut by a higher retirement age? Can more opportunities be provided for older people to continue working?

These are some of the tricky and troublesome problems that lie ahead: problems that were not envisaged by the taxman who, as Beveridge recalls, was driving him past Downing Street in 1942 and said that next time he hoped to drive him into Downing Street.

The blueprint which caused the quick boom in Beveridge and Beveridgeism looks a little shabby now. And it looks to me as if the top-heavy structure hurriedly run up on the basis of its design will have to be drastically modified.

Yes, the Beveridge bubble is finally burst.

Alec Guinness Taken For A Priest

ALEC Guinness believes that his latest film is his most hectic. He has the title role in "Father Brown," based on G. K. Chesterton's stories of the whimsical priest who tracks down crooks in order to reform them.

In "Father Brown," Guinness is thrown to the wet ground at the site of his church during a storm as he practices wrestling with his borrow-boy instructor. He is shown in the back of a car during a "slippery" police chase.

He has a vigorous bout of judo on a stone floor.

He falls from the top of a high ladder and shifts eight crates of full milk bottles in his peering takes to make a hide-out for a potential convert.

Guinness proves a good sport, was director Robert Hamer's laconic observation. In France, where much of "Father Brown" was shot, Guinness was the only actor to be across the coast.

An Ex-Spy Tells About Burgess

SEFTON DELMER'S NEWSMAP

DUSSELDORF. YOU would expect, would you not, that British Intelligence officers would at least give a routine check-over to a man who:— ONE: is a close friend of Guy Burgess, the vanished British diplomat;

TWO: has himself fled from Britain to the Iron Curtain and holds a job now in a Communist office in Berlin's Soviet sector;

THREE: is an ex-Briton;

FOUR: is an ex-diplomat;

FIVE: is at present visiting his mother in West Germany and therefore available for questioning?

But so far no British Intelligence officer has bothered 52-year-old Baron Wolfgang zu Putlitz in his Cologne hotel. Only Dr Otto John, head of the German Security Services, has had a chat with him.

Quite Ready

The baron is quite ready to chat. "You know," he said to me, sipping his Moselle, "I may have been the indirect inspiration of Guy Burgess's decision to come over to us." He smiled and quickly added: "Of course I cannot be certain that Maclean and Burgess are with us. I have never seen them or even been told anything about them. But then—such things are secret."

"However, I have a good notion that I was responsible. Yes, that is possible—very possible."

And he smiled again. After listening to his story, I agree. I too think it is "very possible."

Wolfgang zu Putlitz, member of a Junkers family, had used his position in the German Foreign Office to fight Hitler by passing secret information to the British between 1935 and 1939.

But in September 1939 he managed to get on a plane and escaped from The Hague to London.

Farewell Party

"Burgess," said the baron, "had been an intimate friend of mine since 1934. He was immensely impressed with what I had done. He kept telling everyone we met he thought I was the bravest man he had ever met. It was most embarrassing. Probably he made up his mind to follow my example."

Last time Putlitz and Burgess met was at the farewell party Burgess gave in his Bond Street flat before his departure for America. "It was a terribly wild evening," said Putlitz. "But everyone was there. Even Guy Liddle and Blunt of M.I.6."

Putlitz, a naturalised British citizen by then, was given a £5-a-week job as a shipping clerk in London. "I could hardly live on that," he said. "I had to eat fried fish every day. My rent alone cost me £3 a week."

"But while I starved Britain began to support the rearmament of Germany and the rebirth of German militarism. Everything in fact was being restored that I abhorred."

and to fight which I had sacrificed my name and my career. "I decided to get out and go over to the Russians." He travelled secretly to Berlin, crossed into the Russian zone, surrendered his British passport to the German Communist police, who gave him an Eastern zone passport in its place.

Then he joined a Communist publishing firm, where his next-door neighbour is John Poot, the former British Reuter's reporter who also crossed over to the Russians.

Well Launched

By now the baron was well launched on the propaganda line, he had come to the West to preach—

HOW the Soviet Union's only policy with regard to Germany was Germany's demilitarisation and de-Nazification.

HOW the German People's Police Army had been formed in Eastern Germany purely as an answer to West German rearmament. They would be disbanded at once, he said, if the West abandoned rearmament.

HOW the Russians themselves were looking to leave Germany if only the other occupying Powers would do the same.

HOW the reunion of Germany could be quite simply effected by talks between the West Germans and the East Germans themselves without interference from the allies. HOW they hoped to make a little extra money by arranging for some West-East business deals.

Older Now

Certainly the baron looked as though he could do with some cash. His face looked drawn and worn and far older than when I had last seen him in London almost nine years ago.

"But," and up flashed the propaganda line, "I am happy to be fighting Nazism again." Well, there it is. Don't you think this friend of Burgess's is a man our Intelligence experts should take the trouble to look over while he is around?

Across the Far East



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Back in London, where the company moved into such public places as Victoria Station and Buckingham Palace Road, onlookers failed to identify the humble, clerical man, a pair of steel-rimmed glasses perched seriously on his nose. "In sport," was director Robert Hamer's laconic observation. "Please," Father, said you was across the coast."

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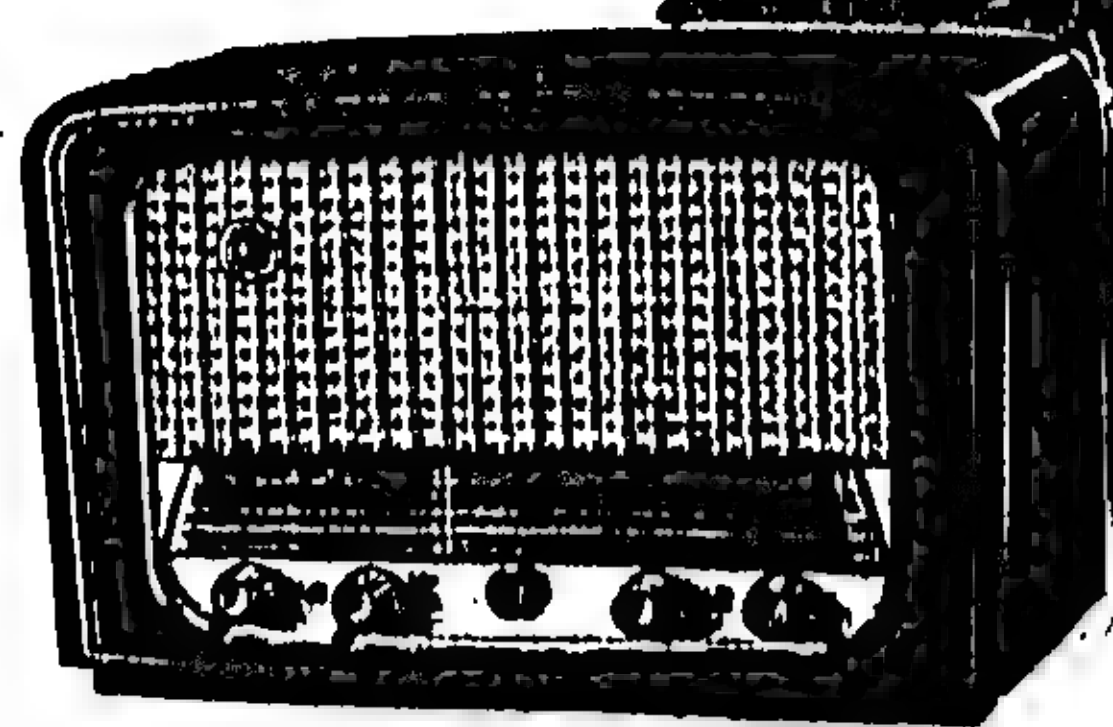
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Shangri-la Ball.
Motor Show at Gilman's.
Civil Aid Defence Exercise.
Shamrock Dance at Y.M.C.A.
Army Athletics, Boundary Street.
Hongkong Defence Force Shoot.
Opening of Kwong Wah Infirmary.
Darts Finals Presentation at NAAFI Club.
Presentation at Central Police Station.
Thorsen & Co., 50th Anniversary.
Launching of the "Man Hei".
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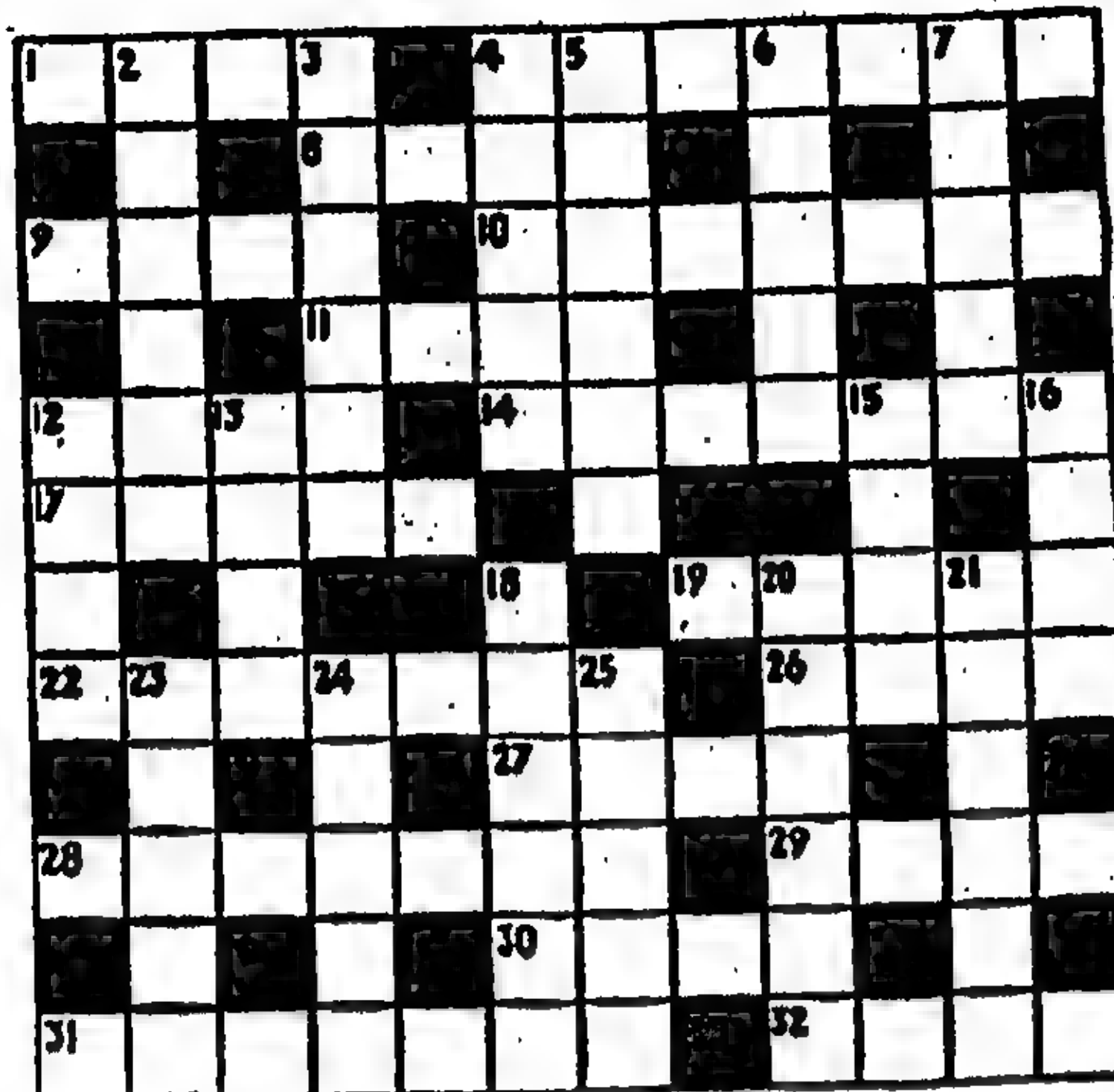
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A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS:

DOWN:

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 Festive occasion (4). | 2 Refuge (8). |
| 4 Epicure (7). | 3 Bedecks (6). |
| 8 Beloved (4). | 4 Dance (5). |
| 9 Novice (4). | 5 Speaker (5). |
| 10 Scurrilous satire (7). | 6 Mature (5). |
| 11 Origin (4). | 7 Run off (5). |
| 12 Change direction (4). | 8 Pack down (4). |
| 14 Sporting dog (7). | 13 Stratagem (4). |
| 17 Divert (5). | 15 Accurate (4). |
| 19 Sharp (5). | 16 Stagger (4). |
| 22 Gift (7). | 18 Request for repetition (8). |
| 26 Actual (4). | 20 Crawls (6). |
| 27 Quote (4). | 21 Aiming-mark (6). |
| 28 Flying man (7). | 23 Competitor (5). |
| 29 Incites (4). | 24 Express (5). |
| 30 Harvest (4). | 25 Weary (5). |
| 31 Asperged (7). | |
| 32 Gilt (4). | |

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Poplar, 5 Hoops, 8 Fever, 9 Normal, 10 Vigil, 11 Rages, 12 Haul, 13 Rears, 16 Detect, 18 Eludes, 20 Sides, 22 Alps, 23 Stops, 25 Verse, 28 Elated, 27 Erase, 28 Plans, 29 Twists. Down: 1 Panthers, 2 Perfumed, 3 Afar, 4 Related, 5 Reverses, 6 Artists, 7 Prior, 14 Athletes, 15 Subsides, 16 Dusters, 17 Tempest, 19 Lessen, 21 Iron, 24 Slew.

NANCY SPAIN detects A GOOD TIME IN CRIME

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, Lady Docker, band leader Carroll Gibbons... What have they in common?

Quite right, you there, in the back row. They all read thrillers as a relaxation.

Thriller production is a major British literary industry. On the whole,

thriller writers produce two or more books a year. Nervous of swamping the market, some conceal their identity under one or more pseudonyms.

Leonard Gribble, otherwise known as Landon Grant, Leo Grex, Louis Grey, and Dexter Muff, once held the record for such aliases. Now he has been beaten by John Creasey, otherwise Anthony Morton, Michael Halliday, Gordon Ashe, Norman Deane, and Jeremy York.

John Creasey claims that the thriller is also an important British export to Europe. There, only the Belgian Georges Simenon and the Norwegian Axel Kielland have made their mark as crime writers. Apart from these two, says Creasey, all Continental crime stories are by Anglo-Saxon authors, in translation.

The popularity of the common or gallows thriller is on the increase. A leading lending library in

London says that 300 crime titles are borrowed each day: more on Fridays and Saturdays for the week-end.

Yet, in spite of the demand, the sales of an average individual title are low: 2,000-3,000.

No such tiresomely businesslike consideration affected Beverley Nichols, whose first crime novel *NO MAN'S STREET* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) hit the 15,000 mark well before publication.

It won't wash

Apparently Mr Nichols was set down one foggy night at Lyons Airport. He was right in the city centre, asking for the Champs-Elysees, before he realised that Lyons wasn't Paris.

"At once," says Mr Nichols, "I decided to write a detective story."

Alas, it needs more than a will of steel and a nice new line in private eyes to achieve this ambition.

Mr Nichols has indeed thought of a new and charming detective, Mr Horatio Green, with a highly developed sense of smell who sniffs his way happily from clue to clue. But his plot—although I deeply enjoyed it as a straight novel—just won't wash as a work of detection.

It's easy enough to believe that Mr Nichols could mistake Lyons for Paris if he had just got out of an aeroplane. But you can't expect me to agree that a regular Londoner would mistake Portsmouth for King's road, Chelsea. Apart from anything else, Portsmouth smells quite different from London, Mr Nichols Mr Green would be the first to point out.

No, no, Mr Nichols, it won't quite do. What a pity. But just the same, I hope you stay among these criminal alleys and don't go creeping back up the Garden Path.

Cranky talk

ALDOUS HUXLEY'S THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION (Chatto & Windus, 6s.) describes,

in startling detail, the effect that a drug called mescaline can have on an emotional mystic with a highly developed sense of drama.

Mr Huxley (no visualiser he, as he says) can, after taking four-tenths of a gramme of mescaline, mistake a chair for the Last Judgment, the chair legs for St. Michael and All Angels, and the texture of grey flannel "deeply, mysteriously sumptuous," and an American motor-car so delightfully funny that he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

Mr Huxley thinks that this drug, or something like it, may be the thing we are all waiting for.

What dangerous, cranky, rubbishy talk this is! Can you imagine us swimming to our offices through a haze of visions, seeing sometimes with the eyes of the prophetic poet Blake, sometimes with the mind of the mad artist Van Gogh?

I don't think that's going to help us to keep the home fires burning.

Nevertheless, the awful thing is that I should love to take fourth-tenths of a gramme of mescaline—just once.

Hair-raising

IN refreshing contrast comes *ON TOP OF THE WORLD* My Adventures with my Mountain Climbing Husband by Patricia Petzoldt (Collins, 15s.).

Mrs Petzoldt was a student at the University of Wyoming when she fell in love with a professional mountaineer. Over a lemon drink and a bowl of soup he told her the story of his life. Then he went to stay with the Dean of Windsor. Then she married Petzoldt and shared his perilous existence.

Indeed, it is a hair-raising one. There are wonderful accounts of mountains, magnificently described, there are fearful journeys across India in third-class railway carriages.

Finally, there is an episode where her husband, who has become involved with some quarrelsome health cranks, tries to defend one of them from another. It is actually tried for murder.

Apparently Mrs Petzoldt decided to write this book when she was snowed up for six weeks in a shack in Wyoming with the temperature at 46 degrees below freezing point.

PARADE

PORTSMOUTH DUE TO THE STARS

MOUTH Central Library has led to the discovery of old documents which might very well give rise to the query: Did the planets exercise their influence in the destiny of Portsmouth as the first naval port of the Commonwealth and Empire? The answer most probably is that the development of the Port for national defence was due to its geographical location and its harbour facilities, but a document just unearthed from the Library Storerooms answers otherwise. This is William Camden's "Britain," printed in 1610, containing the statement that Portsmouth was "more favourable and better affected to Mars and Neptune than to Mercury, that is, to war rather than to traffic."

Camden gives a "chorographical" description of the most flourishing kingdoms; England, Scotland and Ireland, and devotes a chapter on "Hantsire." There is a reference to "people fitting into the island of Portsey which taketh in circuit much about 14 miles, being at every full sea floated round with the salt waters, out of which they boil salt, and by a bridge, that hath a fortress adjoining it, is united to the continent."

"This island Athelfleda, King of Edgar's wife, had given to the new monastery of Winchester, and in it, at the very gullet or mouth where the sea entereth in, our forefathers built a town and thereupon named it Portsmouth, that is the mouth of the haven—a place always in time of war well frequented, other, whilst there is little resort to it." Marston is almost made that in those far off days the "garrison soldiers kept ward and watch both night and day at the gates." There is also reference to the county as "Hantsire" and "Hamshire" and to Portsmouth's neighbouring port as "Southampton." Among the maps disclosed is one of "Sussex."

OVERZEALOUS REFORMER

Gaston Ribaux, half-blind 49-year-old reformed Paris drunkard, was slapped into police last week—because he tried to lead too many of his fellow citizens down his thorny path.

Gaston would settle himself in a bar beside a solitary drinker, buy him a drink, and announce: "You are killing yourself with alcohol!"

To prove it, he would put a powder into his guest's glass. The powder was the one doctors had used to cure Gaston of his bad habits. But Gaston always poured in 10 times the "safe" dose.

Police caught up with him after 20 "converts" had been carried off to hospital in agony.

WORKED OUT

Bank clerk Lucien Beaudouin admitted in Paris that he will have to find a new hobby. He has spent all his spare time for the last 14 years building a scale model of the French cruiser Dunkerque, out of matchsticks.

Three feet long, it is complete with revolving turrets, cranes and lights.

Now it is finished. And Lucien sits around the house mounfully wondering what to do next. He is 60, and he doesn't think he'll have time to finish another warship.

ON THE SCENT

Paris police had a rare catch last week. They figure they've got the world's oldest con man under lock and key.

They described him thus: Name: Alexander Niclayeff. Age: 100. Address: Uncertain but usually in the lush playboy country in the south of France. Also known as: an ex-Czarist general, and says he runs a perfume factory. Representing himself as an aged and respectable perfumier, he took orders from a string of beauty shops.

Police got on the scent when the beauty shop owners claimed they hadn't received any.

DEVIL'S WORK Italy's pickpockets are getting religion. And their seeming conversion is a matter for alarm rather than rejoicing among the clergy.

The visits are premeditated, not for meditation. In short, the light-finger lads are there for business. They find that the devilish chances are very pickings. These are 20 police. The clergymen feel safe and are easily taken in.

Appropriately, notices like this have been tacked up inside the churches in Milan: "Beware the pickpockets. The devil seduces their souls to the church."

CONRAD'S Royal Academy of Arts exhibition of the 19th century, London, 1954.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Love Me...Love My Dog

BY HARRY WEINERT



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

H.M. The Queen To Broadcast To The Australian People

This week brings to an end the two-month visit to Australia of Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. On Thursday, at Fremantle, they will re-embark in the liner S.S. Gothick. As they leave Australia the Queen will broadcast from S.S. Gothick a farewell message to the people of that country.

This message will be relayed from Australia on Thursday at 6.30 p.m. Accounts of the last few days in Australia and the scenes of farewell will be given by the team of BBC commentators in "Report on the Royal Tour" on Sunday evening at 8.15.

The new King George V Memorial Park, Saling-pun, is to be opened by H.E. the Governor on Monday. Radio Hongkong's commentator, Brig Young, will be there to describe the ceremony for listeners and to record the speeches of H.E. the Governor and the Hon. Director of Urban Services.

After the speeches the park will be formally opened, and the Police Band will beat the Retreat. This account will come after the news at 8.10 on Monday evening. It may also be heard on Rediffusion.

SCHOOLS MUSIC FESTIVAL

The Hongkong Schools Music Festival is an important event in the Colony's musical calendar. This year the Festival has been honoured, as listeners know, by the presence of Dr Sydney Northcote as Principal Adjudicator. On Wednesday evening last, the first Winners' Concert was held at Queen's College, and Radio Hongkong recorded excerpts from the concert. This programme is introduced by John Maclean, and comes at 7 p.m. on Sunday.

THE GRAND NATIONAL

This afternoon the world's most exciting steepchase, the Grand National, will be run at Aintree, near Liverpool. Run over a course of 4½ miles, with some 30 fences to clear, the Grand National is the most exciting race of the year.

PRESERVING BOOKS

Now that the warm damp weather is near, some listeners may be thinking of the annual problem of trying to preserve their books against the ravages of damp, mould and insect life. There are several simple and cheap ways in which serious damage to books can be prevented, and Bill Phillips will be talking about this in Monday's "Viewpoint" at 7.30 p.m.

VARIETY

On Sunday at 5 p.m. Radio Hongkong broadcasts "Crazy Days" - a variety show (recorded) which was presented on Monday to an enthusiastic audience from 27 H.A.A. Regt., R.A. at Stanley. This show is presented by a versatile company including Alice Hall, Brenda Rowe, Anne Hart, and Les Patching, and "Crazy Days" is produced and introduced by John Wallace.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 845 kilocycles per second and on 9.52 megacycles per second in 31 metre band).

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
1.30 "SONGS FROM THE SHOWS."
1.35 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
1.40 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
1.45 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
1.50 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
1.55 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
2.00 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
2.05 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
2.10 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
2.15 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
2.20 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
2.25 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
2.30 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
2.35 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
2.40 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
2.45 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
2.50 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
2.55 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."
3.00 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."

Sunday

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, WEATHER REPORT, FOOTBALL RESULTS.
10.05 NEWS TALK.
10.10 NEWS TALK.
10.15 NEWS TALK.
10.20 NEWS TALK.
10.25 NEWS TALK.
10.30 NEWS TALK.
10.35 NEWS TALK.
10.40 NEWS TALK.
10.45 NEWS TALK.
10.50 NEWS TALK.
10.55 NEWS TALK.
11.00 NEWS TALK.
11.05 NEWS TALK.
11.10 NEWS TALK.
11.15 NEWS TALK.
11.20 NEWS TALK.
11.25 NEWS TALK.
11.30 NEWS TALK.
11.35 NEWS TALK.
11.40 NEWS TALK.
11.45 NEWS TALK.
11.50 NEWS TALK.
11.55 NEWS TALK.
12.00 NEWS TALK.

Monday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.05 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.10 NEWS TALK.
7.15 NEWS TALK.
7.20 NEWS TALK.
7.25 NEWS TALK.
7.30 NEWS TALK.
7.35 NEWS TALK.
7.40 NEWS TALK.
7.45 NEWS TALK.
7.50 NEWS TALK.
7.55 NEWS TALK.
8.00 NEWS TALK.
8.05 NEWS TALK.
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8.15 NEWS TALK.
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8.30 NEWS TALK.
8.35 NEWS TALK.
8.40 NEWS TALK.
8.45 NEWS TALK.
8.50 NEWS TALK.
8.55 NEWS TALK.
9.00 NEWS TALK.

Tuesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.05 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.10 NEWS TALK.
7.15 NEWS TALK.
7.20 NEWS TALK.
7.25 NEWS TALK.
7.30 NEWS TALK.
7.35 NEWS TALK.
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8.45 NEWS TALK.
8.50 NEWS TALK.
8.55 NEWS TALK.
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THE CHINA MAIL'S WEEK-END SPORTS PAGE

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

WHY NOT AN HKFA COACHING COURSE BEFORE THE CLOSE OF THIS SEASON?

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Last week I devoted part of this column to the suggestion that we should make an all-out effort to utilise to the full the knowledge and ability of Tom Sneddon, the new HKFA coach. I hear that some folks have commented that it is easy to write such things but not nearly so easy to get them done. That I consider is fair comment and this week I am going to offer a suggestion to the Football Association on a possible way of giving Mr Sneddon a real opportunity of getting to work.

The Easter holidays are fast approaching and I suggest that the FA should run a coaching course for senior schoolboys and any junior — or senior — players who might be able to attend. The possibilities of such a venture are enormous and Mr Sneddon would have full scope to plan and run the course in his own way. Language should present no difficulty as the students could be divided into suitable classes and interpreters employed for the theoretical parts of the instruction.

Well planned courses like this can have an excellent influence and far reaching results. A skilled coach can accomplish a great deal by systematic instruction in the space of a week, and I am confident that some of our top referees and players—both Chinese and non-Chinese—would come forward gladly and give Mr Sneddon whatever assistance they can. The equipment need be little more than blackboards and a supply of footballs, and there should be no difficulty in getting the use of a suitable ground.

I can talk at first hand of the usefulness of an organised course for I attended the first of its kind held by the Scottish Football Association at Ibrox Stadium, Glasgow, in July, 1945. This was an excellent affair and in charge of instruction was Squadron-Leader Walter Winterbottom, RAF, now manager of the England international team.

He had as assistants Flying Officer Tom Mitchell, RAF, then manager of York City, S.M. Instructor Norman Christie, AFC, the well-known centre-half of Blackburn Rovers, and Jimmy Frow, an old Hearts of Midlothian player who had taken up a coaching appointment with one of the County associations in England.

The students included active footballers, who ranged in status from international to young juveniles; referees, managers, trainers and other club officials... and the list of names would spell nostalgia for Tom Sneddon as many of them were contemporaries with him in Scottish football.

OLD HEADS & YOUNG ONES

Much of the planning of this course was carried out by Mr I. R. Witty, of, as far as I can remember, the Warwickshire County FA, and I will remember part of his opening address. Referring to the students he said, "...and I am glad to see so many different heads here. There are heads of clubs and heads of men, young heads and old heads, bald ones, grey ones and well-thatched ones..."

MY BEST GOLF SHOT

EAGLE 3 AT 10TH GAVE PERRY THE TITLE

By JAMES GOODFELLOW

Brilliant work with two clubs, earned Surrey-bred Alf Perry, Open champion at Muirfield, a title which he had to defend during those made or wrecked, Perry said.

"Charles Whitcombe was the man I had to watch when I set out on the final round.

"I was one shot in front of him, five ahead of the rest of the field. On my play then, I did not think there was any competitor who could give me five shots.

LONG DRIVE

"When I reached the turn in 37, I was told that Whitcombe had taken 76, total 288. Things looked good for me. The title was now in my grasp. In my view, the championship was won at the next hole.

"A long drive at the 10th was followed by a long-lying spoon shot which had to be forced because of the distance to within four yards of the pin. Down went the putt for an eagle three.

"The spoon shot, coming at the right moment, gave me the confidence to go on to win. There was no setback. I finished in 77, aggregate 283. This was

they all have one vital thing in common... they are also heads... for their very presence here shows that they realise that no matter how long one has been in football, there is always something more to be learned...

Can we capture a similar attitude in our football fraternity? If we can then there is no reason why a similar scheme, modified to suit local conditions, cannot be run here. Mr Sneddon could find all the necessary assistance for expert lectures on such subjects as Laws of the Game, the Medical Aspects of Soccer Injuries, etc., from among our already energetic football community... and above all he would begin with the great advantage of knowing that he is inaugurating the kind of work that Mr Jack Skinner, the Chairman of the Football Association, is desperately keen to see started in Hongkong.

Well, I have carried the ball from a defensive position up into the attack and now I pass it to the HKFA... on them must defend whether we score or miss... or what?

TUG-OF-WAR

Overshadowing all else this week has been the tug-of-war of loyalties that has followed the announcement that Hongkong is, after all, eligible to compete in the soccer competition at the Asian Games.

At this stage it would be unfair to offer comment or try to suggest what the eventual outcome of it all will be, but this much must already be obvious to everyone involved... is whatever else may be said... that the HKFA comes out of the fray with distinction.

The astute guiding hand of its Chairman has been quietly visible at every stage and whatever else may result there will certainly be no accusation of doubtful dealing levelled at the Association.

Their conduct of the whole affair has been above reproach and I believe that the step which has been taken in following the players to decide their football loyalties after an impersonal presentation of the

long term factors involved is the only sensible one that could be attempted at this stage without risking eventual criticism.

I take no sides in the tussle because there are powerful influences—some of them outside of football—that must be weighed up by each individual player in arriving at his personal decision.

TOP-LINE ATTRACTIONS

After the uninspiring series of games against Mainland we get back to our domestic programme and this week-end it gives us two top-line attractions with another to follow next Wednesday.

The final of the Senior Shield between Kitchener and KMB this afternoon will draw a capacity crowd to Happy Valley. The recent meeting of the teams at Caroline Hill is still recalled by the fans as the worst display of its kind in years. One can but hope that there will be no repetition on this occasion and, disregarding all the rumours and whispers that have gone the rounds, I take Kitchener to win on footballing ability.

Tomorrow two strong sides will take the field to fight it out for the Governor's Cup. The HKFA side, with seven Army players, will make strenuous efforts to beat the CAA eleven which is the strongest South China contingent.

Gilbey of the RAF, who was picked for the FA, must be regarded as very doubtful after the injury he received in the RAF-CLUB game on Wednesday. If he is unfit it is probable that McGregor will come into the side at inside-left. This should be a most entertaining game for there is an abundance of talent in both teams.

EVERY INDICATION

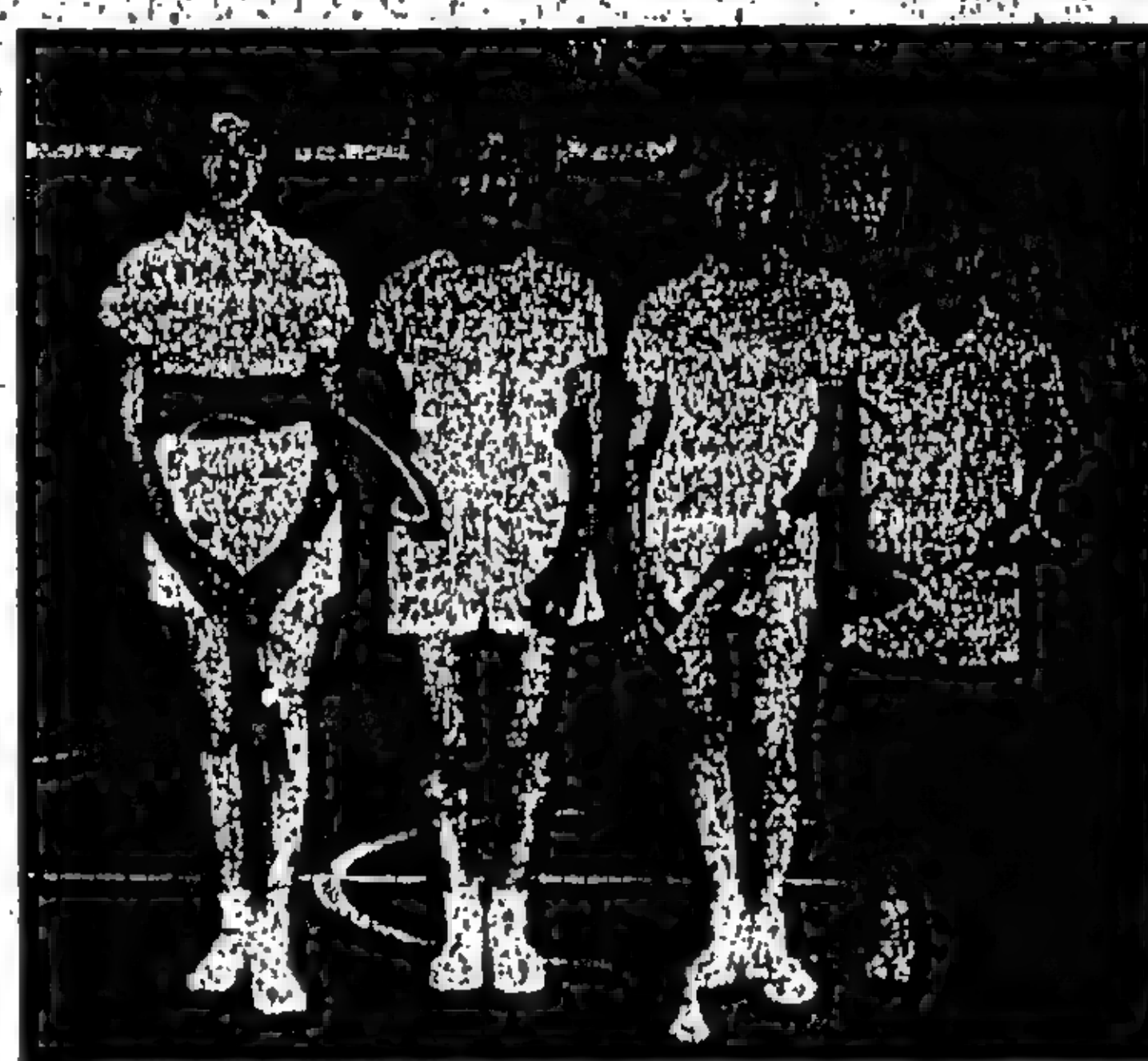
It seems certain that Caroline Hill will have another capacity crowd on Wednesday when South China play the Army in their return League encounter. The first meeting of the teams was one of the best—certainly the most exciting—we have seen this season, and with both sides at full strength there is every indication of a repeat performance.

With so much at stake temperament will play a big part in the final result which may once again go to the riders by the narrowest of margins... but, whatever the result, this should be a great game.

In the other matches this week Kitchener should beat Sing Tao who had a very bad game against Eastern on Tuesday last and suffered their biggest defeat of the season. The big and powerful Club side should get the better of the Kwong Wah boys at the Club Stadium on Tuesday and further improve their League position. McGregor, who is a quiet and unobtrusive sort of player, has given the blue-and-white attack the finishing power it has previously lacked. On Thursday, KMB should have no great difficulty in beating the Navy at Caroline Hill.

—(London Express Service)

SCHOOLGIRL FINALISTS



These are the finalists who will take part in the Colony Open Schoolgirls' doubles final at the Craigengower Cricket Club tonight.

From left to right are Betty Yung (Sacred Heart Convent) and Mary Wong (French Convent), the favourites, and Diana Yung (St. Stephen's) and Chen Yuen-yue (Ying Wah), the contenders.

Three Schools' Badminton Finals Tonight At Craigengower

Three finals of the Colony Open Schoolboys' and Schoolgirls' Championships at Craigengower Cricket Club this evening, starting at 7.15 p.m., will mark the conclusion of another very successful badminton season enjoyed by the Hongkong Schools Sports Association.

More than that, these will also mark a milestone in the progress and expansion of the sport in Hongkong. The good crowd that is expected at this evening's games cannot but be impressed by the vast improvement in standard that will be shown by tonight's competitors as compared to that in previous years.

Not only in the Inter-School Tournament and in the Colony Open Schoolboys' and Schoolgirls' Championships have the competitors this year shown a conspicuous lift of standard, but a number of them have already played important roles in the Colony Inter-Club Leagues.

With the fine work done by the Hongkong Schools Sports Association there is every confidence that Hongkong badminton can look forward to a promising future and I am sure the Colony's badminton fans will join with me in saying "Well done" to the HKSSA and its badminton convenor, Mr S. P. Aras.

ONE SPECIAL PLEA

One special plea, however, might be made and that is the need for more schoolgirl players to come into active competition. Shyness and lack of confidence have kept a great number of these away from this year's girls' events, but a little more co-operation by sports mistresses and regular coaching should see a tremendous increase of interest in this direction.

Highlight of this evening's finals will be the Colony Open Schoolboys' singles match between the holder, Ko Wai-bong, and La Salle's E. Marquez-Lim.

Ko won the title comfortably last year, but will be facing a greatly improved Marquez-Lim in this year's final. Though out of practice, Ko has a wider repertoire of strokes, superior footwork and a sounder ideal of control play.

Marquez-Lim will have as his assets the ability to hit harder and a better fighting spirit. It should be a close game with Ko emerging the winner.

The girls' doubles should not be missed by aspiring schoolgirl players in the Colony. On one side there will be the combination of 11-year-old Diana Yung and 13-year-old Chen Yuen-yue, who despite their tender age have

been two of the most prominent players in this year's championships and are two of the brightest hopes for Hongkong for future honours.

Though handicapped by age and size in their final against the Singles champion, Mary Wong, another Yung sister in Betty Yung, Diana and her partner have speed and a smoother combination which may pull them through to an upset victory.

The remaining final will be an intra-school affair between the two St. Stephen's College boys, Khoo Kee-boo and Wong Wai-hing. Khoo, who hails from Malaya, is an attractive left-handed player with a strong smash, but though the superior player he will have to produce his best to get through Wong's sound all-round game.

LEAGUE SITUATION

Together with the Schoolboys' and Schoolgirls' tournaments, the Colony Inter-Club League is also rapidly reaching its conclusion in the various events. The Men's "B" Division has already been won by the Chinese YMCA with the assistance of three schoolboy players in Wong Siu-kwong, Siu Chuen and C. K. Wong.

Craigengower Cricket Club, who defeated the Chinese YMCA in the return match by 6-3 and who were rather unlucky to be terribly off their form in their first meeting with the champions, are easy winners of the Men's "C" Division.

In the Men's "C" Division doubles both Recreio and King's College Old Boys Association are already assured of a final play-off. Of the two teams, Recreio has a better balanced side and will, I think, clinch the title for this event.

The Men's "A" Division fixtures have already been completed and resulted in the Chinese YMCA, who are holders,

Americans And Delawares Meet In Senior "B" Pennant Final Tomorrow

By "SNOOPER"

Bob Suzman's Americans may have turned the corner for a brighter future after their 6-5 lucky victory over Jimmy Herrick's Pandas in the Senior "B" Playoff Series to qualify to meet Bill Silva's Delawares in the Final for the Pennant tomorrow at King's Park. They came back from 3-5 to win by 6-5 after two extra innings.

I cannot remember a Senior "B" game quite like this one this season, and the Americans' real strength came from their heavy batters, like Jack Bordwell and John Heldemann in the crucial junctures of the game.

The Americans, who lost a heartbreaker to the Braves in the play-off for the Senior "B" Pennant last year, are almost certain to achieve their ambition this season, and much will depend on pitcher Daniel Remedios and catcher Red Pereira. In the infield, first baseman John Heldemann, second base-

man Armstrong, third baseman Jack Bordwell and shortstop Jack Bordwell have tried hard in their previous games and they should give a good account of themselves.

GOOD BALL TEAM

Bill Silva's Delawares have played good ball in the League and although they were given a free ride into the Final as a result of a walkover by Jimmy Herrick's Pandas last week, they are a team of batters who are highly reckoned with.

Equally certain is that pitcher George Santo and catcher Tony Rodriguez will form the Delawares' battery. Frankie Loureiro, who has been praised highly for his good positional sense, is automatic choice at first base.

Junior Forester has not only proven his capabilities as second baseman but also has displayed good batting and with Manuel Remedios at third and shortstop Sonny Sequiera the Delawares' infield should be a sound one.

In the outfield department, left-fielder Vic Britto, centre-fielder Junior Tavares and right-fielder George Ribeiro should provide a well-balanced defensive side.

The Delawares, also in their quest to cop the Senior "B" Pennant, have every incentive to win. But in the face of the greater experience of the Americans they will have to dish out first-class ball to subdue the Yanks, and a Delawares success must come primarily through excellent fielding.

To the boys of the Delawares I proffer a word of advice. Stick to your decisions, come what may, if you know them to be correct. You are the masters as far as speed and fielding are concerned.

The Americans-Delawares tussle should develop into a brave and glorious fight for supremacy, and although the Americans are given an edge because of batting power, a win for the Delawares is not unlikely.

Interest in the other Division is mainly centred on the batting performance of certain players who have a good chance of winning the Batting Championship.

In the Senior "A" Division right-fielder southpaw Bull Dhabher of the Braves tops the list of contenders for the batting crown. Dhabher will be given a last chance to enhance his position when the Braves meet the Saints tomorrow.

Others in the running are first baseman M. Tsang of the Chinese Athletic Association, shortstop Y.S. Liang of the Pandas and Seldon Ma of the GAA.

Tsang has reached his best batting form, and may win the Batting Title comfortably as the Chinese Athletic Association will be facing mediocre opposition in their final League commitment against the Braves and with pitcher Ismail on mound duties there is a strong possibility that both Tsang and Seldon Ma can gain a couple of hits to overhaul Dhabher in this tussle race.

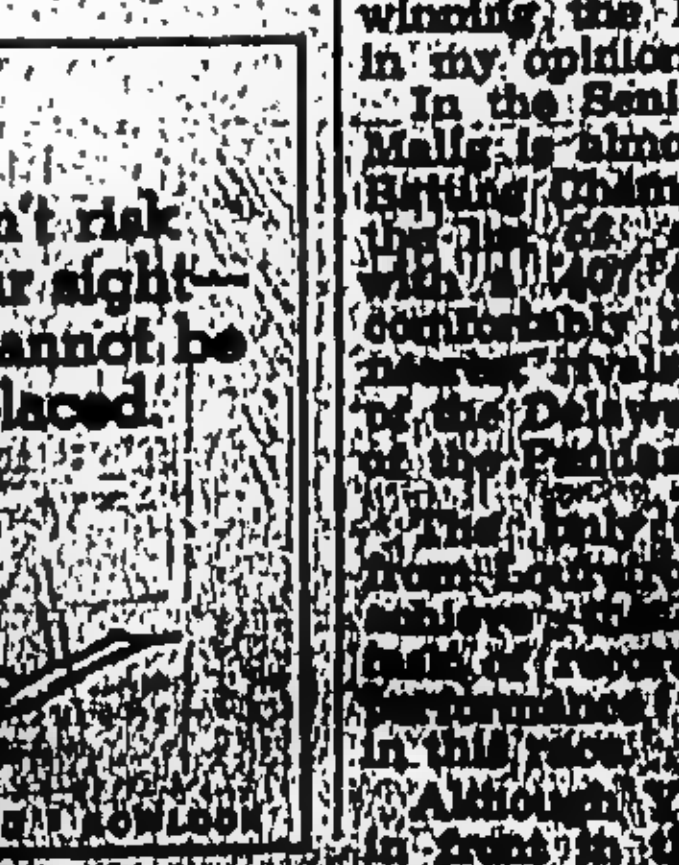
Y.S. Liang of the Pandas who has become the commanding batting figure after three grand performances in League games will have a more difficult task of accomplishing the feat of hitting George Marques when the Pandas meet the Warriors in the other Senior "A" game of the week-end. Liang, who is currently in top form, will be presented with an opportunity, but his prospects of winning the Batting Title are, in my opinion, quite remote.

Terry Noronha and Irene Starkey of the Wahoes "A" are not too far behind, and with both Noronha and Starkey striving for the premier batting honours everything will depend on tomorrow's game against the Pandas.

BATTING AVERAGES (Minimum of 10 games and 50 times at bat)

Senior "A"	AB	Hits	Avg.
B. Dhabher (Braves)	36	16	.417
C. M. Tsang (CAA)	42	17	.405
Y. S. Liang (Pandas)	39	15	.385
Seldon Ma (CAA)	39	15	.385
C. Yvanovich (Braves)	34	13	.382
J. Pereira (Warr)	46	16	.345
M. Souza (Warr)	45	14	.311
A. Cheong (Pandas)	30	9	.300
Benny Omar (Saints)	38	11	.289
H. Killeen (Braves)	32	9	.281
A. Oliveira (Warr)	43	12	.270
F. Marques (Warr)	33	9	.273
Willie Woo (Pandas)	38	10	.263
S. Hsu (Pandas)	42	11	.262
L.C. Poon (SCAA)	39	10	.257
Senior "B"			
D. Mallig (Wildires)	27	11	.407
F. Loureiro (Delawares)	30	10	.333
E. Tao (Pandas)	38	12	.310
O. Souza (Dodgers)	35	11	.314
A. Rodrigues (Delawares)	32	10	.313
Whitcomb (Americans)	39	11	.282
M. Pereira (Americans)	25	7	.280
R. Mattos (Wildires)	29	8	.275
T. Wu (Pandas)	38	10	.263
Heidemann (Americans)	27	7	.259
J. Karlick (Americans)	35	9	.257
K. C. Ho (Pandas)	24	6	.250
T. Chang (Pandas)	33	8	.242
K. H. Tang (SKU)	25	6	.240
J. Karlick (Pandas)	39	9	.231
Junior League			
J. Morales (Dodgers)	29	13	.448
W. H. Chan (CAA)	35	15	.429
H. Honnibell (Pandas)	42	18	.381
A. Fuller (Gunners)	27	10	.370
W. L. Chan (CAA)	38	12	.364
P. Jen (Pandas)	29	10	.345
F. Wadsworth (Gunners)	27	9	.333
J. Cheng (Dodgers)	28	9	.321
Y. C. Ng (CAA)	38	12	.316
G. Yen (Pandas)	30	9	.306
W. Lee (Cuba)	37	11	.297
B. Tan (Pandas)	51	15	.294
K. C. Liang (CAA)	35	10	.286
D. Tong (Comets)	32	9	.281
S. Kadir (Pandas)	35	7	.280
Senior "C"			
Y. Silva (Wahoes)	38	15	.429
E. Nohrbis (Wahoes)	33	11	.430
W. Wang (Wahoes)	31	11	.412
B. Chan (Pandas)	30	12	.400
S. Silva (Collins)	27	10	.370
E. Bahle (CAA)	24	10	.367
S. Chan (Wahoes)	45	16	.353
R. Remedios (Collins)	33	11	.331
P. Fong (Collins)	33	10	.303
M. Douglas (Collins)	29	9	.310
O. Yau (Collins)	41	11	.268
M. Wong (Collins)	30	11	.367
S. Chan (Collins)	37	11	.297
C. Chan (Collins)	37	11	.297

POP



JAMES PARK Visits CAPTAIN CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORD

16 QUEEN'S HORSES—AND AUREOLE THE STAR OF THEM ALL Temperament

Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochford is what I would term a cosmopolitan trainer. He is equally well known on both sides of the Atlantic. I fancy he is also something of a dollar earner, as there are four American owners in the stable.

All the Queen's home-bred horses are at Freemason Lodge, and her interests are steadily increasing. There are 16 to carry the Royal colours this year.

The star performer among them is Aureole, whose misfortune it was to have been foaled in the same year as Pinza. But for that Aureole would have won the Derby and King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot. Four-year-old prospects for Aureole must be brighter now that Pinza is no longer in training.

I am sure Captain Charles Moore, the Queen's racing manager, is well pleased with Aureole's progress.

The honest seven-year-old Philanthrope has been bought by the Queen to act as schoolmaster and lead horse for Aureole. The four-year-old is being schooled to settle down behind his pacemaker, and it is hoped he will behave as decorously on the racecourse as on Newmarket Heath.

While Aureole is as keen and full of life as ever, he did not fight for his head when I saw him on the Heath as he sometimes does on the racecourse. He stayed in behind until brought to join issue in the last furlong.

Aureole's first main objective is the Coronation Cup, to be run at Epsom soon after the Queen's return. The colt will have at least one race and perhaps two to tune him up, probably at Newmarket.

Aureole is now fully matured and in every respect a stylish colt of excellent quality. He is as quiet as can be in the stable, and altogether seems more happy and settled. It will be all to his advantage if he remains in that mood.

BEST DISTANCE

My own idea is that his true distance may be a mile and a quarter but on a course like Epsom he should stay a mile and a half. After the Coronation Cup there will be thoughts of taking on Nearula in the Eclipse Stakes.

Of the Queen's three-year-olds most faith is placed in Angel Bright, a sister to Aureole. The filly has been given every chance to develop in her own time, and took part in two races as a two-year-old. In the second she ran Elopement in half a length and she will step up on that form this year.

Angel Bright has been thriving to a greater extent in the past fortnight than during the cold spell. Unless she comes to hand earlier than I anticipate she may not reach her best in

time for the 1,000 Guineas but she can become a fancied candidate for the Oaks. She is a sweet mover with the right temperament. She will not let the family down and should one day make a grand brood mare.

Festival Light is the last foal of that good mare Feala. The filly has still to have a first experience of racing and I shall leave her to show what she can do.

Martial Musio is a half sister to Choir Boy but after showing promise behind National Trust at Sandown in May the filly fell lame and could not run again. She is sound, once more and as a daughter of Court Martial should not be lacking in speed.

Brigadier W. P. Wynt's Premonition is the hope for the Cup races and should be one of our main bulwarks in that sphere. His record reads six victories in England in eight races. He was a victim of misfortune in his two journeys to other countries.

He was disqualified after being first past the post in the Irish Derby and almost had a leg severed when taking part in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp. It was feared that might put an end to his racing career, but the wound has healed up nicely.

The off-side hind joint is still larger than the near one but it may still fine down. Fortunately Premonition's action is in no way impaired. He strode out with plenty of freedom when ridden by Harry Carr in a good pace gallop on the Waterlatch stretch.

I can picture him settling down smoothly and giving himself every chance to get the distance in the Gold Cup at Ascot.

What a lovely little horse! He would be but for his dipped back. As he is high in the hindquarter he might not be easy to place, but looks as well as ever.

There does not appear to be any colt up to the classic standard among the three-year-olds. Astraeus and Ambler II have still to run and I do not know whether they are as good as they look.

STAYER

Astraeus is a fine big slashing half-brother to Judicant. He is bred on the lines of a stayer and looks the type for a long course. The American-bred Ambler II was the property of the late Mr. William Woodward, and has



Premonition, winner of the St Leger last year, shows temperament at Freemason's Lodge. Royal jockey Billy Carr is up.

been taken over by his son, Mrs. J. Thurbay has a charming filly in Dream Girl, who should not be lacking in stamina. Lightly used in her first season, the daughter of Nearula is a trifle light of her frame just now but will fill out when the warmer weather comes.

Sea Dream is a nice medium-sized Hyperion filly and that sire is also responsible for Hypers, who belongs to Mrs. E. N. Graham, who will be better known as Elizabeth Arden. Hypers is the only horse Mrs. Graham has in training in England but she races on a big scale in the USA.

Of the Queen's eight two-year-olds the ones I liked best were Alexander, Biscuit and Bella Donna. Alexander is a medium-sized colt by Alycidon out of Open Warfare and will be given every chance to find his strength in his own time. He is a good topped colt standing on the best of legs.

Biscuit is a black Fair Copy colt out of Terra Cotta. He is well turned and there is a useful look about him. Bella Donna is an active filly by Donatello II out of the 1,000 Guineas winner, Hypericum.

Sir Humphrey de Trafford has a few home-bred ones who should give him a lively interest in the season's two-year-old races. That might be asking too much of Devon Port, who takes a lot after his sire, Alycidon. It is rather as a three-year-old that Devon Port may come into his own. He is a good topped colt with the strong frame and colour of his sire.

Lady Humphrey de Trafford's interest is centred in Blue Hare, who was picked up for 45 guineas with a view to running in the Arundel Private Sweepstakes at Goodwood.

A new patron is Mrs. C.O. Iselin who races in the USA. Though she is now over 80 years of age she is coming over for Epsom and Ascot and commissioned Captain Boyd-Rochford to buy two yearlings to carry her colours. They are named Feriwig and Aquilant.

Another new patron is Baron de Zuylen de Nyevelt, a Dutchman. His one horse so far is

Golden Charger, a magnificent chestnut colt by Royal Charger out of Melody In.

Altogether there is what I would call a nicely balanced team at Freemason Lodge.

(London Express Service)

Dominick's Bar Is A Likely National Hope

Says RICHARD BAERLEIN

Of the "big five" in the Grand National today I am going to leave out Tudor Line and Coneyburrow in the final summing-up.

Tudor Line would have to jump better than at Cheltenham, and there is no proof that he will stay the distance.

Coneyburrow is a different proposition. He is probably the best jumper in the field with the possible exception of the top-weight, Mont Tremblant.

ONE FEAR I have seen Coneyburrow in most of his races this season, and my one great fear is that if any horse is within reasonable distance of him crossing the last fence, then that horse will run him out of it.

The market suggests that the majority of backers have no such fears. That leaves me with Irish Lizard, Royal Tan and Churchtown. To find three others to make up a likely six for the National is no easy task.

Mont Tremblant, game as he is, does not appear to stay, despite his performance last year in running second. He was a very tired horse at the finish.

WON SIX CHASES Dominick's Bar is the fourth Irish trained runner in the betting. He has been no easy horse to keep sound which accounts for him running only three times last season and twice this season.

During an extended career he has won six chases, one of which was over 3½ miles. Recently at Nans he was a close-up third to Churchtown and

Coneyburrow, and as that was only his second outing of the season, he may be said to have put up a very satisfactory performance.

He meets Churchtown on the same terms in the National for a 6-lengths beating. Coneyburrow, however, finished four lengths in front of him and will meet him on 15lb. better terms. That may not put Dominick's Bar out of the race. He certainly comes from a fine steeple-chasing line on the dam's side, and I shall include him in my final six.

FAILED TO STAY Ordinance failed to stay the course last year and has not been impressive this season. Gentle Maya has already been described as one of the best outsiders.

Although she would have a lot less weight if the minimum were not 10 stone, she can be expected to stay the distance and jump the course, two qualifications which enable her to retain her place.

Queen's Taste has gone backwards like a horse who has lost his form altogether. It can, however, be very dangerous to discard horses of proved ability. I remember many years ago Greigalach running very badly before the Grand National.

As those at longer prices than Queen's Taste make no appeal at all, I shall have to include him in my six.

(London Express Service)

ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

Should The Fate Of A Test Match Be Decided On The Toss Of A Coin?

Should the fate of a Test match be virtually decided by the fall of a coin? This hotly debated question, discussed last year when Len Hutton, England's captain, lost the toss in all five Tests to Lindsay Hassett, has been revived recently by Hutton's further bad luck in the first two Tests in the West Indies where the privilege of batting first is so important. His better luck subsequently has only served to emphasise the problem.

With national prestige so much at stake in Tests nowadays—an unhappy fact but nevertheless a definite trend—there are many who argue that luck should be eliminated as far as possible. And one way is to cut the tossing down to the first and last matches of the series. In this scheme the loser of the first toss has the automatic right to choose whether he bats first in the second Test. They then bat alternately in the third and fourth Tests and toss again for the last.

Personally I am not a convert to this idea for I cannot see it guaranteed a fair deal to both sides and the great snag is that it presents the groundman with a heaven-sent opportunity to prepare a wicket to give one side an unfair advantage. If he knew in advance which side was to bat first he could settle the match one way or the other. I do not say it would happen but it could!

NOT ALWAYS

It should always be remembered that winning the toss does not always carry the advantage it would seem. I have known several cases since the war when skippers have been downright thankful that the onus of deciding whether to bat first has been passed to his rival.

Did not Bradman at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, in 1948 after losing the toss smile to see a shower fall which helped his speed attack of Lindwall, Miller and Bill Johnston?

In the same series at the Oval N.W.D. Yardley won the toss and decided to bat on a wet wicket. England were put out for 52. Bradman lost the toss four out of five times in 1948 and yet Australia won four and drew one, while in 1953 England lost all five tosses and won the only Test that was finished.

In my opinion this was so because Hassett called "tails". During lunch there was a heavy shower which helped Freddie Trueman and myself to get pace off the pitch which had previously been denied us. Australians were put out for a very moderate total and for the rest of the Test the wicket was slow.

So it seems to me that what ever happens the teams are still in the lap of the gods.

I am told by statisticians that about 57 per cent of matches are won by the side winning the toss. In countries like the West Indies where the weather is not so variable as in England the advantage of batting first is considerable.

There is most instances the game starts on a plumb pitch and before the end the spinners are able to turn the ball much more. And the wickets, unlike

England, are covered through a Test so the minor chance of a sudden change of weather coming to the rescue of the losing captain disappears.

PAID TO WIN

Brisbane was the place where it paid to win the toss. Storms are always liable to produce a "sticky" and the Australian "sticky" is a nightmare for batsmen. Twice since the war Australia batted first and then we had to bat on a rain-ruined pitch without much chance of survival.

In 1950 the result might easily have been reversed if Freddie Brown had called correctly—it is the privilege of the home captain to spin the coin and the visitor calls.

In future wickets are to be covered during Tests in Australia. And as a bowler I find it hard to understand where the fairness comes in. The batsman starts on a beautiful wicket and that's the way it stays.

Cricket is a game in which luck must play its part. But the best guarantee against losing the toss is to have the stronger side!

Moral for all countries: Get after your youngsters and make them WORK at the game. If will pay dividends.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

NINTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 20th March & Saturday 27th March, 1954.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 19 RACES

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. each day.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. each day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

THE 1954 SETS OF MEMBERS BADGES AND LADY'S BROOCHES WHICH ARE BEING ISSUED ARE NOT VALID UNTIL 1ST APRIL, 1954. THE 1953 SETS ARE VALID UNTIL THEN.

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS & REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

The cost of a Through Ticket is \$38.00.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets. The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription, also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the 2nd Day (27th March) at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Aguiar Street and 382 Nathan Road, during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on that day.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 8th May, 1954, are now available. The cost of each ticket is \$2.00.

TOTALISATOR

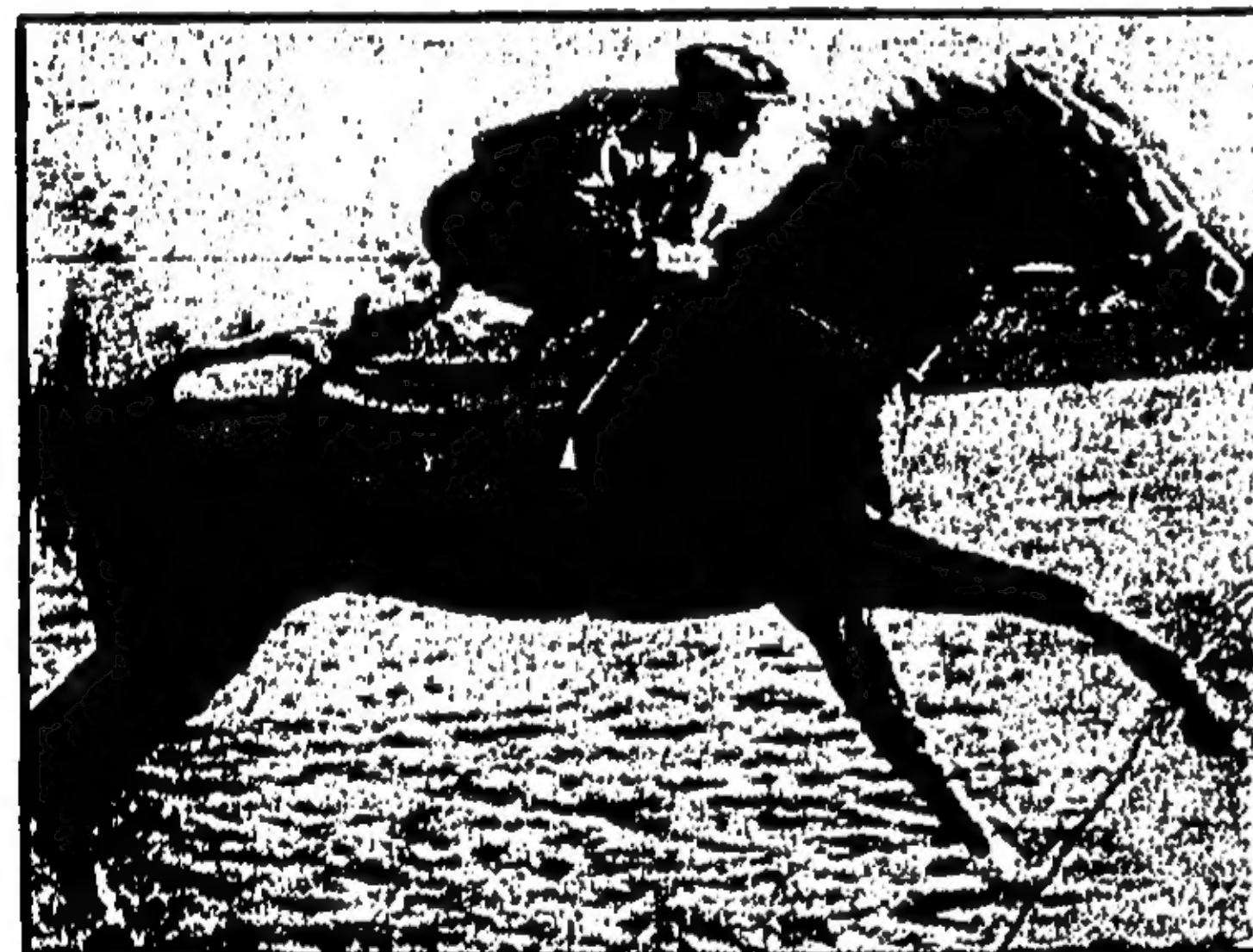
Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUND MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN. PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards

H. MISA, Secretary



Aureole at the gallops. His first objective is the Coronation Cup.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLE

by Barry Appleby



What is Cadyl?

Cadyl is a proprietary brand for a scientifically tested compound of cleansing emollient and tonic skin oils. The application of Cadyl to the skin by the regular use of Rexona soap helps to give a healthier, cleaner and smoother skin.

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NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Draft Programmes and Entry Forms for the 10th Race Meeting 1953/54 to be held on Saturday 10th and Saturday 17th April, 1954 (weather permitting), may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday 30th March, 1954.

By Order of the Stewards, H. MISA, Secretary.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

MEMBERSHIP

Despite the number of our membership under the Articles of Association being raised to 4,000, very few vacancies still exist.

The Stewards have, therefore, decided that they will not accept any applications for membership of the Club except under very exceptional circumstances.

By Order of the Stewards, H. MISA, Secretary.

Hongkong, 23rd March, 1954

BUTTERFIELD and SWIRE

CHINA NAVIGATION CO., LTD.

SAILINGS TO		
"HANYANG"	Bangkok	8 p.m. 27th Mar.
"TUNAN"	Tientsin	10 a.m. 30th Mar.
"FUKIEN"	Osaaka, Yokohama, Nagoya, Osaka & Kobe	3 p.m. 30th Mar.
ARRIVALS FROM		
"TUNAN"	Tientsin	28th Mar.
"FUKIEN"	Bangkok	28th Mar.

A.O. LINE LTD./C.N. CO., LTD., JOINT SERVICE

SAILINGS TO		
"CHIANGSHA"	Rabat, Sydney & Melbourne	7th Apr.
ARRIVALS FROM		
"CHIANGSHA"	Kobe	30th Mar.

BLUE FUNNEL LINE

Scheduled Sailings to Europe via Aden & Port Said		
	Leads	Sails
"BELLEROPHON"	Genoa, London, Rotterdam, Amsterdam & Hamburg	28th Mar. 29th Mar.
"PATROCLUS"	Marseilles, Liverpool & Glasgow	5th Apr. 6th Apr.
"ALCINOUS"	Liverpool & Glasgow	13th Apr. 14th Apr.
"ANTIOCHUS"	Liverpool & Dublin	23rd Apr. 24th Apr.
"CYCLOPS"	Genoa, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, London & Hamburg	24th Apr. 25th Apr.
Scheduled Sailings from Europe		
	Sails	Arrives
S. "ALCINOUS"	Liverpool	Hong Kong 27th Mar.
G. "ANTIOCHUS"	Sailed	—
S. "CYCLOPS"	do	—
G. "PERSEUS"	do	—
S. "LAOMEDEON"	do	—
G. "ANCHISES"	do	—
S. "CLYTEMNESTRA"	3rd Apr.	2nd May
G. "PYRRHUS"	7th Apr.	13th Apr.

S. "ALCINOUS"		
S. "ALCINOUS"	Liverpool	Hong Kong 27th Mar.
G. "ANTIOCHUS"	Sailed	—
S. "CYCLOPS"	do	—
G. "PERSEUS"	do	—
S. "LAOMEDEON"	do	—
G. "ANCHISES"	do	—
S. "CLYTEMNESTRA"	3rd Apr.	2nd May
G. "PYRRHUS"	7th Apr.	13th Apr.

Carriers' option to proceed via other ports to load and discharge cargo.

DE LA RAMA LINES

ARRIVING FROM U.S. ATLANTIC & PACIFIC COAST PORTS.

	Sails N.Y.	Sails S.F.	Arr. H.K.
"DONA NATI"	Sailed	Sailed	7th Apr.
"MANGALORE"	do	do	17th Apr.
"AJAX"	do	2nd Apr.	3rd May
"HAINAN"	25th Mar.	10th Apr.	15th May
"AGAMEMNON"	12th Apr.	4th May	3rd June

SAILINGS FOR NEW YORK, via SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, CRISTOBAL AND JAPAN

	Leads	Sails
"MUNCASTER CASTLE"	6th Apr.	7th Apr.
"TELEMACHUS"	10th Apr.	20th Apr.
"DONA NATI"	14th May	15th May

Accepting cargo for Kingston and to Central & South American ports on through bills of lading.

Tathay Pacific Airways Ltd.

Route	Depart Hongkong
HK/Singapore	(DC-4) 9:00 a.m. Monday
HK/Bangkok/Singapore	(DC-4) 10:00 a.m. Tuesday
HK/Malaya/Singapore	(DC-4) 7:00 a.m. Tue. & Fri.
HK/Hanoi/Haiphong	(DC-4) 12:00 noon Wednesday
HK/Bangkok/Singapore	(DC-4) 8:00 a.m. Thursday
HK/Bangkok/Haiphong/Calcutta	(DC-4) 1:30 p.m. Friday

All the above subject to Alteration without notice.

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1 Connaught Rd. Tel: 30331/8

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EVERETT ORIENT LINE

Fast regular freight—refrigerator—passenger service to Korea, Japan, Philippines, Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, Rangoon, Calcutta and Chittagong.

"NOREVERETT"

In Port	Loading	Sails	Mar. 27	for	Singapore, Penang, Rangoon & Calcutta.
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"BRADEVERETT"

Arrives	Apr. 8	from	Manila.
Sails	Apr. 9	for	Singapore, Penang, Rangoon & Calcutta.

(Accepting cargo for transshipment Kobe/Pusan and Kobe/Okinawa)

EVERETT STAR LINE

Fast regular freight—refrigerator—passenger service to Korea, Japan, Philippines, Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi and Persian Gulf Ports.

"THAI"

Arrives	Mar. 29	from	Sandakan.
Sails	Mar. 30	for	Kobe & Yokohama.

"STAR ARCTURUS"

Arrives	Apr. 3	from	Japan.
Sails	Apr. 4	for	Singapore, Penang, Madras, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Khorramshahr, Basrah & Bahrain.

(Accepting cargo for transshipment Kobe/Pusan and Kobe/Okinawa)

EVERETT STEAMSHIP CORPORATION S/A

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Queen's Building, Telephone 31208.

the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

COWBOYS NEED HEELS

If you've ever wondered why the cowboy wears such very high heels, the reason is very simple. In the beginning, when he first went West, he could not purchase anything lower.

This was especially true in Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and California, where he met and mingled with earlier Spanish settlers. Some were cowmen. Others were shoemen. And the latter manufactured riding boots for the former according to orders—skyhigh heels.

The custom dated back to the days of the Conquistadors, who lived at a time when it was considered important for the officers in the army to be taller than the privates. But since some of the leaders were naturally short, they had to do one of two things—put built-in heels in their riding boots, or wear hats that were extremely high.

LESS OBVIOUS

They decided on the heels, because it was less obvious. In time even lesser officials were permitted to wear them. Still later, the custom spread to all persons who, under prevailing Spanish law, were allowed to ride a horse. As a result the cowboy, who settled to a large extent in areas well populated by the Spanish-speaking peoples, could get no other kind of boot, until a long time later, when cheaper transportation made it possible for him to purchase shoes from the East. But by this time he was well-used to the height and wanted nothing that would bring him closer to the ground.

Many riding authorities insist that such shoes are downright uncomfortable. Cavalrymen say that the only practical excuse for wearing them might be that they hold the foot securely in the stirrup. But when the cowboy hears such arguments, he just grins. For what riding authority or cavalryman needs to keep his foot anchored and his body in balance while fighting a mean creature that's caught at the end of a rope? Or must keep his body rigid by digging his heels deep into soft ground, dismounted, while roping a wild stallion?



COMPANIONSHIP AND COURAGE—Rob Roy, shown with Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, was one of the favorites at the White House during President Coolidge's day. Almost every boy and girl can remember the wistful expression of Balto, President Roosevelt's Scottie. Balto, the Siberian snow dog, was famous in 1925 for his dash to Nome, Alaska, with anti-diphtheria serum. Igloo proved to be a hardy little fox terrier when he accompanied Admiral Byrd to the Arctic.

Stories of Famous Dogs

By Irma Hegal

ALMOST everyone remembers Falla, the Scotch terrier that was the inseparable companion of the late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, but Falla was not the first spaniel in the White House. Maria Monroe, daughter of President James Monroe, had a spaniel too.

Veto was President James Garfield's Newfoundland dog and this animal had a marvelous scent that made him a true protector. Once Veto held the reins of a valuable horse on a ramp in the barn, and Veto kept on holding the stamping horse until help arrived. On another occasion, when the barn caught fire, it was Veto's barking that sounded the alarm.

Theodore Roosevelt had a rat terrier called Scamp who waged a private war on the White House rats and eliminated them one by one. President Wilson had his Alreades.

Laddie was President Harding's Alreades. The Collies had a wire-haired terrier called Peter Pan, an Alreades named Rob Roy, a sheep dog and Prudence Prim, a white collie who attached herself to Mrs. Coolidge and was seen wherever she moved. President Herbert Hoover had two German Shepherds, one called King Tut and the other, Pat.

Authors have been dog-lovers from way back. John Whittier, the beloved poet, had three dogs, Roger, a Scotch terrier, Dick and Robin, a shepherd dog.

FROM EXPERIENCE

JOHN BURROUGHS wrote, "In loving a dog, one is always sure of a full return." That bit of philosophy must have come from John Burroughs' own experience for the naturalist and writer had several black-and-tans. Laddie who repeatedly deserted his master for the local butcher—not without reason. I know was another of Burroughs' dogs and this fellow was a black setter who liked to pitch the household cats from their favorite places and take over the pillows himself.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the poet, had an Irish setter by the name of Triplett who watched for the postman every morning and singled out the rejected manuscripts, dumping them promptly in the wastebasket. Fox, novelist, Frank Stockton's dog, was a mongrel and a rascal. Fox always made a big fuss over guests, wagging his tail and barking loudly, but as soon as the guests climbed the porch steps to enter the house, Fox dropped behind and seized each one by the leg in an effort to speed them on their way.

William Lyon Phelps, the critic, author and professor, owned an Irish setter by the name of Rufus. The dog had a charge account at the neighborhood butcher store, going there to pick out his own meat and, when the butcher had wrapped it, bearing it proudly home in his mouth.

EXPLORERS' DOGS

EXPLORERS have also had their dogs. Admiral Richard Byrd was given a small fox terrier stray that someone abandoned on the streets. While no one believed that a fox terrier could weather the rigors of the Arctic, the dog, dubbed Igloo, went with Admiral Byrd to the North Pole and back. In fact Igloo rode in a ticker-tape shower down Broadway in the grand welcome-home parade. On the subsequent trip to the South Pole, Igloo was again at Admiral Byrd's side. For sheer courage and thrilling adventure, no dog story can top Slicker, the little black dog that accompanied John Muir, the American naturalist, geologist and explorer, in his dangerous journeys on the glaciers of Alaska. These four-footed friends have all shared the lives of great men, giving companionship, smiles and protection. It is fitting that such dogs should be remembered too.

GENERAL TIN MAKES A DISCOVERY

—He Says He Got to America Before Columbus—

By MAX TRELL

"Now, I never told you this before," said General Tin to the Tin Soldiers Knarf and Hanid, the shadow children with the turned-about names, "but I was the one who really discovered America."

Knarf and Hanid both shouted: "Oh no, you didn't! General Tin! Christopher Columbus discovered America!"

Truth of the Matter

"That's what everybody thinks," said General Tin. "But the truth of the matter is otherwise. I discovered America."

"Anyway," said Knarf, "America was discovered in 1492!"

"That's almost five hundred years ago," put in Hanid. "You weren't even born then."

"That may be," agreed General Tin, "but I discovered America just the same. In fact I discovered it in 1491, a full year before Columbus got started. Just let me tell you about it."

Knarf and Hanid said they would be glad to hear General Tin's story about how he discovered America, though they warned him in advance that they weren't likely to believe a word of what he said.

A Swim of Spain

"I remember exactly what happened," General Tin began. "It was the summertime. I was in Spain. It was a warm day so I decided to go swimming. Well, my dears, I started swimming out into the ocean. I swam and I swam. By and by, it began to get dark and I decided to swim back. But I never got back."

"What happened?" Hanid asked.

"Well," said General Tin, "there I was swimming in the dark when suddenly I touched something with my hand. It felt like an enormous rock. So in the darkness, I climbed on it and decided to sleep until the morning when I would walk home. But when morning came, I discovered to my astonishment that I hadn't climbed on a rock at all."

"What had you climbed on, General Tin?" asked Knarf.

"I had climbed on a whale's back," replied General Tin. "I was miles away from land, and the whale was swimming steadily toward the shore. On the way back in the middle of the ocean, we passed three other

ships sailing toward America. They were the ships belonging to Columbus. He was just on his way (as he thought) to discover America. He never knew (and neither did anyone else) that I had discovered it first."

Knarf and Hanid agreed that this was a wonderful story, but they still couldn't quite believe that it had ever happened.

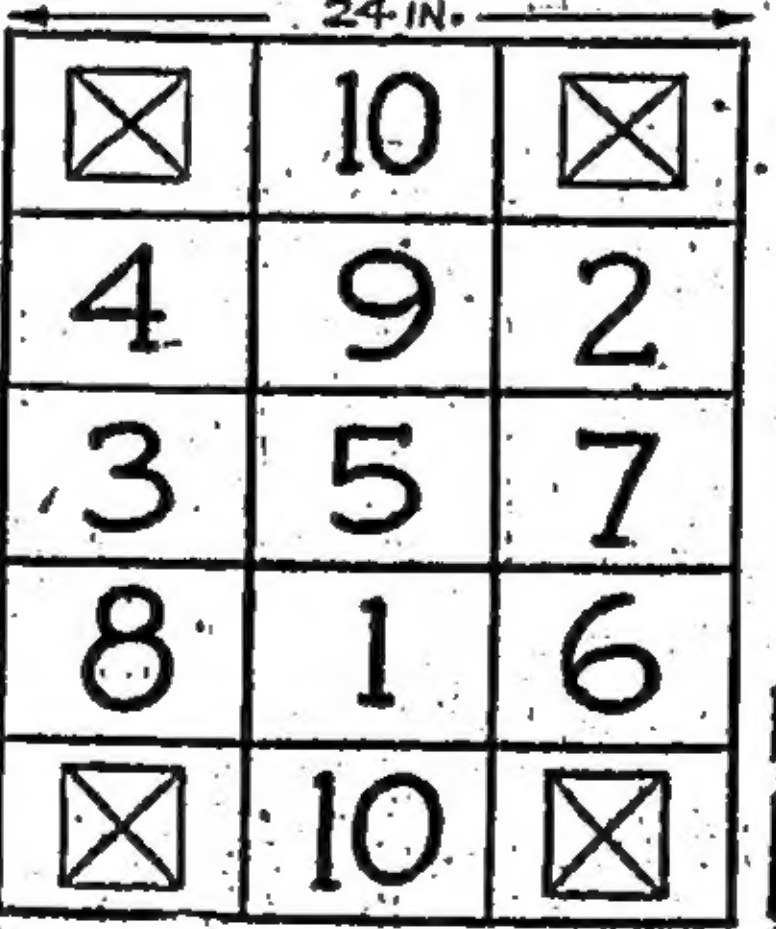
General Tin wouldn't say any more. He just stood with his musket over his shoulder and smiled.



General Tin crossed the Atlantic on a whale.

PLAY

1. Cut a piece of stiff cardboard 30 inches long and 24 inches wide. MARK IT WITH BLACK CRAYON LIKE THIS...



2. Cut a strip of the same cardboard 6 in. wide and 24 in. long and fasten it to the top with a strip of adhesive tape.



After saying "Thank you," the boy jumped down and took the black spark to the tree he called the spot. Come along, I've got a black spark for you to play with.

Rupert and the Black Spark—12

After saying "Thank you," the boy jumped down and took the black spark to the tree he called the spot. Come along, I've got a black spark for you to play with.



After saying "Thank you," the boy jumped down and took the black spark to the tree he called the spot. Come along, I've got a black spark for you to play with.

any time there was a fire, he would jump down and take the black spark to the tree he called the spot. Come along, I've got a black spark for you to play with.

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Outwards	Leaves London	Dus Hongkong
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"CHUSAN"	10th March	17th April
"CANTON"	1st April	4th May

Via Southampton, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Penang & Singapore

Homewards

Outwards	Leaves Hongkong	Dus London
"CORFU"	9th April	10th May
"CHUSAN"	2nd May	31st May
"CANTON"	12th May	12th June

Accepting cargo for Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Aden, Port Said & London

FREIGHT SERVICE

Outwards	Arriving	From
"SURAT"	6th April	UK
Homewards	Loading	For
"SOMALI"	16th April	Singapore, Port Swettenham, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Genoa, Marseilles, Havre, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Hamburg

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	sails 16th Apr.	from Calcutta for Japan

"SANTHA"

due 15th Apr. from Calcutta

sails 16th Apr. for Japan

P. & O. B. I. JOINT SERVICE

"ORMARA"	due 2nd Apr.	for Singapore, Madras, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Kuwait, Khorramshahr, Basrah, & Persian Gulf Ports via Bombay
sails 3rd Apr.	for Japan	

"ORNA"	due 1st Apr.	from Persian Gulf for Japan
sails 2nd Apr.	for Japan	

"ORDIA"	due 23rd Apr.	from Japan
sails 24th Apr.	for Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Khorramshahr, Basrah, & Persian Gulf Ports via Bombay	

EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN S.S. CO., LTD.

"NELLORE"	due 21st Mar.	from Australia
sails 1st Apr.	for Japan	

"NELLORE"	due 18th Apr.	from Japan
sails 23rd Apr.	for Auckland, Wellington, Sydney & Melbourne	

All vessels have liberty to call at any ports on or off the route & sailing are subject to change or amendment with or without notice.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1954

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 CHIPPOLATA SAUSAGES \$4.00 per lb.
 BEEF SAUSAGES \$4.20 per lb.
 PORK SAUSAGES \$4.40 per lb.